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The National POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA.
SPORTING

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1885.

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A SHOCKING OUTRAGE.

THE WAY A QUICK-WITTED TELEGRAPH OPERATOR GOT RID OF AN ANNOYING MASH.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, — Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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ONE DOLLAR.

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CLEVELAND is a fifteen puzzle to the New York Sun.

THAT Chicago pension agent seems to be not only sweet but sticky.

THE friendship of England and Russia is a sort of hand-on-the-hip-pocket affair.

THE English bull-dogs and the Russian bears seem to have got to close quarters.

THE first roes of summer are gathered by the shad fishermen in Delaware river.

IT is surmised that when "Sunset" gets there he will paint the town a Turkey red.

THE French have made the discovery that there are a few Chinamen in China.

RUSSIA's reply to England was conciliatory. Bear and For Bear is Russia's latest motto.

THE United States Navy has found something to do at last. It is running the Panama railway.

It is said that Dr. Mary Walker is anxious to receive the appointment as minister to the Isle of Man.

THE BERMUDA onion crop will be a failure, says an exchange. This will give the five-cent cigars a chance.

A GEORGIA poet has just written an excellent epic on the devil. His impression of carpet-bag times must be very vivid.

THE Albany Times remarks that John Roach is not the cock-roach of the navy department that he used to be.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is becoming tired of office-seekers. He is not more tired of them than they are of him, however.

EVEN the marines wouldn't believe the stories told by ex-Cashier Fish, of New-York. Yet he was cashier of the Marine Bank.

GEN. BARILLOS has been installed as successor to the dead Barrios and peace spreads her white wings over Guatemala.

A TERRIBLE humiliation awaits either England or Russia before the question of war or peace has been definitely disposed of.

MISS ADA SWEET, the Chicago Pension Agent who declined to resign except for cause, is making a great many politicians feel sour.

"CHOLLY Burst His Pants Asunder Skating on the Rinklet Floor," is the name of a new song just out. It will be "set" to music.

THE Prohibitionists have tackled Kentucky in earnest. We shall next hear of Mr. Moody opening a revival in the realms of Satan.

THERE seems to be a mania raging for elopements. A score or more are reported every day. This is the only business that is thriving.

PANAMA has had four Presidents since Jan. 1. Wouldn't they live lively lives if they made as much of a Presidential election as we do?

THE roller rink has reached the Sandwich Islands. Civilization has been pretty cruel to the poor Kanakas, but this is the worst blow yet.

AMERICAN marines are on shore at Panama, prepared to make holes in any insurgents who do not show proper respect for the United States flag.

ALFONZO, King of Spain, has not received sufficient attention of late, and has worked a little assassination racket for advertising purposes.

GLADSTONE has risen to the emergency, and has made himself solid with the masses in voicing the war sentiment of the people in the House.

RUSSIA writes sweet little diplomatic notes to England, but at the same time finds leisure to place her army and navy on a first-class footing.

THE wife of the coroner of Nyack, N. Y., resented an editor's abuse of her husband with the cowhide. She proved to be the best man in the party.

BULL RUN! RUSSELL and a cloud of reporters accompany the Prince of Wales to Ireland for the purpose of reporting every time his royal nibs sneezes.

WITH all the modern electric conveniences and signals that can be devised, smash-ups on the New York city elevated roads are surprisingly common.

IT is suggested that if Cleveland keeps on in the way he is going, the new party be called the "Surprise party." "Pound party" will do for a name for the present.

THE doctors are simply experimenting to ascertain how many days they can keep Gen. Grant alive. They cannot cure him. His malady will prove fatal.

IF Riel and Digna and Couch, and all the other fellows would pool their issues they might be able to raise a little war. So far they have raised nothing but Hayes.

NOWTHINKING the fact that ex-President Arthur has been out of the chair over five weeks he cannot refrain from wincing every time any one calls him "Chet."

THREE Chinamen were burned to death in San Francisco the other night. The residents doubtless look upon it as one of those small favors which are gratefully received.

AMONG the post birthday presents addressed to Prince Bismarck is an infernal machine containing all the modern improvements. It is the only gift that "Bis." refused to receive.

JEFF DAVIS has sent Gen. Grant word that he was praying for him, along with the rest of the South. It is to be hoped that Jefferson doesn't forget to pray for himself occasionally.

NOR only American canned beef, American wheat and American horses and mules, but also American ships are in demand in anticipation of the war between England and Russia.

DUKE ALEXIS, who visited America some years ago, is ruler of the Czar's "navy," and under his supervision the Russian naval establishment has been immensely improved.

THE son of James G. Blaine is soon to marry the daughter of Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune. No wonder that Republican sheet took the defeat of the Plumed Knight so hard.

MR. RIEL has unlimited facilities for retreating, and when he doesn't care to fight, he can run with entire safety to his troops and his own neck. He is going to be a hard man to whip.

JUDGE PORTER, who will be remembered for his vigorous and merciless prosecution of Guiteau, was stricken with paralysis the other day. Judge Porter was one of the ablest jurists in the country.

THE health authorities at Salem, Mass.; Portsmouth, N. H., and other ports in the Eastern States are kept in constant agony by the dreaded arrival of cholera barks with rags from Europe and Asia.

SMALL cakes of maple sugar have made their appearance in the market, but there is an odor about them that suggests the suspicion that they were used for quoits in some of the back settlements during the winter.

THERE is to be established in Thomas county, Kansas, a paper under the felicitous title of the "Thomas Cat." If he is any relation to the Sun office cat the publication will be a success. Politically, it will always be "on the fence."

ONE way of keeping Chinese children out of public schools in San Francisco is to require the production of a vaccination certificate. A true Chinaman would about as lief submit to the amputation of his cue as to a vaccinating operation.

AN old soldier in Massachusetts, who has been awarded arrears of pension to the amount of \$10,000, is reported to have gone crazy. The poor veteran is not to blame. Such a stroke of fortune as that is enough to paralyze any fellow who was in the ranks.

THE terrible calamity attending the falling of a newly-erected five-story building in New York city ought to awaken the metropolitan authorities to their duty. More shoddy buildings are rushed up in New York than in any other city in the country.

THESE are the days when the smart quack medicine advertiser gets the reader intensely interested in a startling story about the errors of Gen. Grant's physicians. It is only when the last line is reached that the reader perceives he has perused a quack advertisement.

JOHN ROACH's ear-trumpet never conducted so harsh sounds as it does now; but it isn't the fault of the trumpet. Mr. Roach will be pained to learn that a commission is to be appointed by Secretary Whitney to give the Dolphin another trial. He never thought he would have such trials.

TRAVELING mesmerists are said to be accompanied by "subjects" who have been trained to resist the ordinary tests of burning and prickling, and can thus simulate the hypnotic sleep. They are known to the professional mesmerist as "horses."

THE Senate committee is now considering a proposition made by John Chamberlain to make the Senate restaurant a swell place. He will probably get it, particularly as most of the Senators want a better grade of wine and whisky served than is now kept, in spite of the fact that the rules expressly prohibit it.

DRESSES cut very decollete are the rule at the White House, besides three kinds of wine for dinner. This was not so during the Hayes administration, but Grover doubtless coincides with the wise man who said: "All the good things of this world were not intended for fools."

THE Washington monument is in great luck. It has only been completed about six weeks and has already been struck three times by lightning. A good many people have been in Washington longer than that and haven't been struck once. However, the monument didn't covet the honor.

Of course it is idle curiosity, yet the public would like to know whether A. T. Stewart's body really lies in the crypt beneath the new cathedral at Garden City. Those who know refuse to tell. Just as a guess—would Mrs. Stewart have erected so costly a structure over an entirely empty tomb?

THE Philadelphia papers began an attack upon the Mayor of the Quaker City charging him with being a friend and protector of the gamblers. Now, in trying to disprove the accusation by raiding the gambling places the Mayor is criticized by the same authorities for overdoing the matter.

OUR \$5,000 offer ought to set all the oarsmen of the Universe by the ears. One thousand pounds in English money, 25,000 francs in French, is a good deal of money. Who is the lucky sculler who is to prove that Richard K. Fox's challenge to the universe of oarsmen was well directed? It's a chip on our shoulder. Knock it off, somebody.

HERE's what the President of the New York Press Club, and the best known newspaper man in America, thinks of our portraits:

PRICE CLUB, NEW YORK, March 25, 1885.
MY DEAR MR. FOX—I am much pleased with the picture. I never saw better work on a wood-cut, and the presswork is perfection. I thank you for your offer of an electrotype, and shall be glad to have one. The cut of Joe Howard is marvelously correct. How do you do it?

Yours truly,

AMOS J. CUMMING.

THE Philadelphia Unitarians laid the cornerstone of their new church on Chestnut street the other day, and in the stone they placed a written record, which closed with this ejaculation: "William B. Smith is Mayor of Philadelphia. May God preserve our church. Amen." This is a pious recognition of the fact that under the existing police administration the only reliance for the preservation of property is on Divine Providence.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Carter Harrison, lately re-elected Mayor of Chicago, heads our personal column this week. He is a good sporting man at heart, if ever there was one, and none of the Puritans and cranks of the Garden City have the slightest pull with him. Long may he wave!

Foxhall's service fee in England is \$200 per mare.

Mr. Lorillard restricts Sensation to his own mares.

Tim Murnam will play in the Jersey City this year.

Paul Hines plays another season in Providence, after all his talk.

The St. Louis papers deny that Cal McVey has been engaged by Lucas.

Detroit has five catchers, Gastfield, Ringo, Moore, Bennett and Jerry Dorgan.

Stote Clark, Jr., will handle George Scattergood's g. m., Alice Adison, 2:23%, by Almont.

Fred Archer has again received permission from the Jockey Club to own horses trained by himself.

W. H. Shadley, who was ruled off by the Louisville Jockey Club in the fall of 1883, has been reinstated.

W. P. Hunt has sold to Samuel Ecker of St. Louis the b. s. Frogtown, foaled 1883, by Imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Ada-Cheatham, by Lexington.

John Spellman offered Maj. Hubbard, superintendent of the Enderthian stock farm, \$1,000 for the b. c. St. Paul, by Alarm, dam Lady Salyers.

Harry Miner is after a piece of property in Harlem, where he proposes to erect a combination theatre. He has also made an offer for Fox's theatre, in Baltimore.

It is reported that about the middle of April Charles Marvin will move east from California with Linda Rose, Sallie Benton and other crack'youngsters of Gov. Stanford's Palo Alto stud.

George Hosmer has started in training on the Charles river, near Boston. He is looking and doing well and says he is anxious for a match with either Beach or Ross for \$2,500 a side.

Robert Vint, the winner of one of the big day go-as-you-please races, was arrested on April 3, for selling liquor at his sporting house, 201 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., without a license.

If there is any truth in the thirteen theory the Dwyer Brothers should lose a pile this year. Their twenty-six-horse-parade divided into two thirteens Frank McCabe and W. Stoops each having charge of a baker's dozen.

The celebrated trotting stallion, Francis Alexander, has been sold by Z. E. Simmons to A. J. Feakes, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for \$10,000. He is eleven years old, has a record of 2:19, and will be campaigned this season.

All the hotel owners at the seaside now find in every letter of inquiry from prospective summer guests the questions. "Is there a rink at the resort? How far is it from your hotel?" A rollerless resort gathers no boarders.

Wise and Boyle, Canadian trainers, will come to the States with the following horses from the Richmond stable, which have been entered for the American circuit: Scalper, Direction, Northland, Braewood, Disturbance, Springfield, Kenesaw, Impulse and Miss Archibald.

B. G. Pate, St. Louis, Mo., recently purchased a farm of sixty acres, about seven miles from St. Louis on the Hall's Ferry Road. He proposes to purchase additional land and start a breeding establishment. Conkling, King Kylie and Clay Pate will be placed in the stud when their racing careers are over.

The well-known trainer and driver, John E. Turner, of Philadelphia, will have the following horses in his string for 1885: Trinkel, 2:14; Edwin Thorne, 2:16%; Santa Claus, 2:17%; Lady Alert, 2:24%; Lily Dale, 2:25%; Dick Organ, 2:25%; Overman, 2:19%; Young Smugger, 2:29%; Nettie Thorne, and several others without records.

Bicycler Stevens, who passed through Buffalo last July on his way from San Francisco to Boston, and who has spent the winter in Boston, has left for Liverpool. He will cross through England, France, Italy and the Eastern countries, thence through the Holy Land, India and China. He expects to consume eighteen months in the journey, twelve months of which will be spent in actual road work. He will be the only man who will have gone around the world on wheel.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Various Sorts and Conditions of Men and Women Who Make Up the Executive Staff of a Theatre.

As soon as a new theatre is established in a large city, the first thing done in its behalf by the morning papers of the place is the publication of the list of



Sole manager.

people who make up what is facetiously known as "the executive staff" of the establishment. The list usually runs something like this:

- Sole Manager—Mr. J. Smith.
- Treasurer—Mr. T. Browne.
- Chief Usher—Mr. P. Greene.
- Doorkeeper—Mr. F. Robinson.
- Stage Doorkeeper—Mr. Patrick Brogan.
- Mistress of Wardrobe—Miss Emily Polonaise.
- Every theatre with any pretensions to style has a



The gentlemanly and accomplished treasurer—sole manager, a gentlemanly and accomplished treasurer, an obliging and competent chief usher, an amiable and experienced doorkeeper, a trusty and reliable keeper of the stage door, and a buxom and well-known chief dresser. Without them no theatre can possibly get along.

You can always tell the sole manager from a side of



sole leather. He is round of stomach, mottled of jowl, wears a silk hat, a greasy smile and a fur-trimmed coat, and swears broadly every other word he uses.

He loves like the enterprising burglar, when he isn't a-burgling to be a-basking in the sun, and on matinee days comes out particularly strong at his own front entrance. He has a great faith in his own efficacy as a



The experienced usher.

"masher," but is usually "played for all he is worth" by the bashful maiden who attracts his roving fancy.

The gentlemanly and accomplished treasurer is invariably a sweet young thing with a long mustache, a lisp and a bang. He smiles with all the glutinous saccharinity of a whole barrel-full of taffy, has a rare knack of forgetting small change and "palming" a queer \$5 bill off on an unsuspecting countryman, knows as much about book-keeping as a Texas mule



The stage doorkeeper.

does of astronomy, and fondly thinks that the entire corps of "extra ladies" is wildly in love with him. Once in awhile he is a big, wholesome, robust fellow, like Leigh Lynch at the Union Square. Or he is a nimble, nervous, honest-like, quick-witted chap, like Jake Shattuck at the Bijou. Occasionally he runs, to legs, generosity, unselfishness and sagacity, like Harry Sanderston at Tony Pastor's. But he is too apt, as a general thing, to resemble the financial freak who inhabits the box-office of the Fourteenth Street theatre, waiting, like a hermit,



The mistress of the wardrobe.

crab in a lobster-shell, for Harrigan & Hart to put a real man in his place when the old lease runs out.

Your doorkeeper is usually "tough." The kind old man who decorates Wallack's entrance, b'lite "Zekie" Chamberlain and jolly old Capt. Porter, are exceptions to the rule. They prove, simply, that it is quite possible for a fellow to handle pasteboard and remain human. But take the doorkeepers of the United States in bulk, and it is an open question whether the bite of a mad dog wouldn't be a greater civility than their "fair good e'en."

Everybody expects the man who keeps the stage door to be half mastiff and half alligator. And, to be frank, he usually is. The war of 1822 would have rejected him as a superannuated old wreck, and his hat would have been scornfully repudiated by the St. Patrick's Day managing committee of fifty years ago. He fondles a big club, nurses a dark-tantero, smokes

the blackest of duddens and says "Naw!" with a ferocity which strikes terror to the heart of the stoutest member of the stage *doree*.

But your chief usher is the prize blossom of the bouquet. His swallow-tail coat is a perpetual delight. His teeth may be bad, but his smile is winning. Hypercritical observers may decide his pimplies, but no man can find fault with his necktie, and the sweetness of his "This way, please" is only to be compared to the cubic contents of a barrel of glucose. We picture him, regard and admire.

The "dresser in chief" may be dismissed with a brief commendation. She wears the cast-off clothes of her principals, and her teeth, if not her convictions, are false as dicers' oaths, but she is rich in reminiscence. Her stories, like her garments, wear indestructibly, and her morals, thanks to her age and toughness, are not to be easily assailed.

The "executive staff" of a theatre, take it by and large, is a wondrous concern.

STAGE WHISPERS.

John McCullough talks of visiting Europe in the spring.

Edwin Booth is playing an immense engagement in Philadelphia.

Boucicault is at work on three plays, in all of which he builds hopes on his children.

Lawrence Barrett's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" is not generally well received in the South.

The first sixty performances of "Theodora" at the Porte Saint Martin theatre, Paris, produced the sum of \$125,400.

Dora Wiley, the prima-donna, late of Carlton's Opera Company, has organized a company for spring and summer to play at popular prices.

Henry Irving carried sixty-five persons all told. His expenses are very heavy. One bill for carriage of scenery to the steamer recently amounted to over \$400.

It is reported that Sarah Bernhardt is breaking down. She now has regular fainting fits during every performance. Her admirers and creditors are equally anxious.

John E. Owens is about to retire from management. He will dispose of his Charleston (S. C.) Academy of Music. The veteran actor sticks closely to his farm at Towson, Md.

Miss Marion Booth, daughter of the late Junius Brutus Booth, and niece of Edwin Booth, has been specially engaged in the cast of "Beauty," soon to be played in Wallack's theatre.

As if her husband were not enough for one generation, Mrs. Mark Twain has taken to literature. She is reported to be dramatizing Mark's "Prince and Pauper," in collaboration with Mrs. George Warner.

Ben Maginley stuck fast in his part in "May Blossom" the other night in Brooklyn, though he had played Tom Blossom three hundred and sixty times. He had a new May Blossom and was not on the alert. His companions only laughed.

Edwin Booth's brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, the comedian, is credited with owning the Strand theatre, in London, worth \$30,000, with the Walnut Street theatre and Haverly's, in Philadelphia, valued with the ground lots at \$500,000.

On April 1 a parcel was delivered to Louise Eldridge's house in New York, but she suspected a hoax and declined it. Next day she met Effie Ellsler, who informed her that, having lost a parcel of jewelry on the train, she requested that if found it should be sent to Mrs. Eldridge's residence. Up to the present nothing more has been heard of it.

It is said that Janish heads the list with a hug that is sublime. "She deserves to have her name beaded down to history, if only for one thing," said a well-known theatre-goer, "and that thing is her hug. It is sublime: the most comprehensive, all-pervading thing in the way of an embrace that has ever been perpetrated on the stage. Bernhardt can hug with considerable abandon, and there is a certain completeness of self-surrender about Lydia Thompson's stage career. But this hug of Janish—well, it deserves to rank with Emma Abbott's kiss or Fanny Davenport's fall in 'Fedora.'"

The companions of Dan Sully's boyhood in Newport, where he was born, know that he has had a severe struggle to acquire the position that he now holds among comedians; that he has fought well, and raised himself step by step. Those friends decided to give him a fitting welcome when he would arrive in his native city with his company. This they did in grand style, and it was a complete surprise to him. A band of music was hired for the occasion, and carriages were also provided for the purpose of making a street procession before going to the hotel. In due time Sully and his company had arrived and taken their seats in the carriages; the line was formed and commenced to proceed through the principal streets of Newport. In the first vehicle the genial face of Mr. Sully was seen with his brother, who acts in the capacity of treasurer, and his aged mother. He seemed to realize that he was at home again, and what more appropriate example could any worthy young man set than to invite his parent to ride with him? All along the route he was greeted with cheers and congratulations from the vast throngs that had collected at every available point where they could find standing-room. He was more than delighted with the entertainment, and, upon arriving at the hotel, the crowd which followed refused to leave until Mr. Sully appeared on the balcony and expressed his thanks for the reception in a few well-chosen words. In the evening all the theatre-goers were astir to witness the performance of the "Corner Grocery," which piece Mr. Sully has won for himself an unenviable reputation.

Before the doors were opened the crowd was so large that the sidewalks were impassable, and it required the services of a few policemen to keep them back until the box-office opened. It sufficed to say that the house was packed, and such a delighted audience Newport never saw. Mr. Sully was encored several times, and when he made his appearance on the stage he was greeted with great applause. The main attraction of the evening's entertainment was the presentation of a gold medal to Mr. Sully from his friends in Newport; also a beautiful gold-headed cane from his company. Alderman John Waters presented the gift, and enlighened the recipient warmly for the success that he had achieved, telling him that he hoped he would continue to be more successful in the future, as his past success was a very fitting record for him to emulate. This ended the performance.

ROLLER RINKLES.



Prof. W. O. Knapp is only eighteen years of age. He first learned to navigate the "rollers" in Danbury, Conn., in 1882, and almost immediately became proficient as a graceful and fancy skater. In less than three months after he first put the rollers on he began giving exhibitions and his services were in great demand in all the rinks in the vicinity of Danbury. Last fall he was engaged in one of the Brooklyn rinks where he was seen by R. Hall Benton, one of the managers of the Manhattan Roller Skating Rink, in Greenpoint, who was so struck with his wonderful and elegant skating that he offered Prof. Knapp a large salary to accept the position of superintendent in the Manhattan Rink, then in course of erection. The offer was accepted, and Prof. Knapp has become one of the popular features of that rink since it opened in the early part of February. Prof. Knapp has become a popular favorite with the residents who have given him the name of the "Emperor of Skaters." Miss Libbie Parkinson is but fifteen years of age. The little lady is one of Prof. Knapp's pupils, and is so rapidly becoming proficient in all the arts of roller-skating that she bids fair to soon rival Jennie Houghton.

Mr. Klinker is to open a new rink at Fort Lee, N. J., May 15.

A party of New York capitalists have secured a site at Clifton, S. I., for a roller-skating rink, which is to be opened next month.

Our legislators admit that out of large towns rinks are a blessing. Of course they are, and in large towns they are a perfect Godsend.

William Shedd and C. C. Jarvis were opponents in a 5-mile roller-skating race at Woodstock, Ont., April 8, the former proving an easy winner.

Half the tracks laid out in skating rinks are short, and two-thirds of the time-keepers are incompetent, so that it is a hard matter to decide upon roller-skating records.

Nat. Goodwin, in his new play, "Skating Rink," now on the road, has a dog which skates around the stage on roller-skates, and is one of the funniest hits of the season.

The spectacle of a four-weeks-old pig being chased by way of making sport for rough boys in a roller-rink in Newburgh, N. Y., a few days ago, was neither amusing nor edifying.

Brainard, Minn., reports that Otto Olson, a sixteen-year-old of that place, on April 2, in a 10-hour contest at the rink, made 114 miles in the ten hours. This may be rink measurement, however.

A couple in Bridgeport were so entranced with the sport that they were married in the rink while wearing their skates, and after the ceremony bride and bridesmaids, groom and best man, skated a quadrille.

A correspondent writes that La Crosse, Wis., boasts of the fastest roller-skater for his age in America. His name is William Miller, and in a recent 10-hour contest at the Empire Rink, La Crosse, he covered 123 miles. Miller is only fourteen years of age, and Prof. Wm. E. Dunn, the manager of the rink, writes that he is a wonder on wheels.

An eminent counselor has given it as his opinion that Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry has no power to prevent little girls under sixteen giving exhibitions of fancy skating, the technical ground of his opinion being that the power to prevent such exhibitions is only exercisable when they are given in licensed places of public amusement. One medical man in Harlem has prescribed fancy skating as a strengthening exercise during the last few weeks for nearly a dozen little girls.

A professional skater says: "At Atlantic City, N. J., the local manager wanted me to agree to have roller-skating between the acts of 'Only a Farmer's Daughter,' in the place of overtures. He said the chairs were all movable, and the audience could skate between acts, while the actors were gettin' ready." The funniest snap I ever saw, though, was in a rink in Cumberland, Md., for colored people exclusively—that is, to skate. A fakir struck the town with about forty pair of worn-out skates and rented a church, piled the seats and benches out in the yard and commenced business. One 400-pound darkey, with an 18 shoe, had a pair of No. 5 skates on. Another had his skates tied on with banjo-strings. Some skates had only three wheels. The fakir told me that, when business was good, he rented only one skate to each party, and gave them a cane."



LULU APPLEGATE,

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MEMBER OF RICE AND DIXEY'S IXION BURLESQUE COMPANY.

JAMES LEWIS,

THE ENTERTAINING AND VETERAN EGOCENTRIC COMEDIAN OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY.

James Lewis.

The comical visage of James Lewis, Augustin Daly's humorist, is to be found elsewhere. Mr. Lewis is by long odds the drollest and neatest artist of his variety in the United States. During the successful engagement of the Daly company in London, the honors were divided

between Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. In private life there is no truer gentleman, kinder friend and better citizen.

Lulu Applegate.

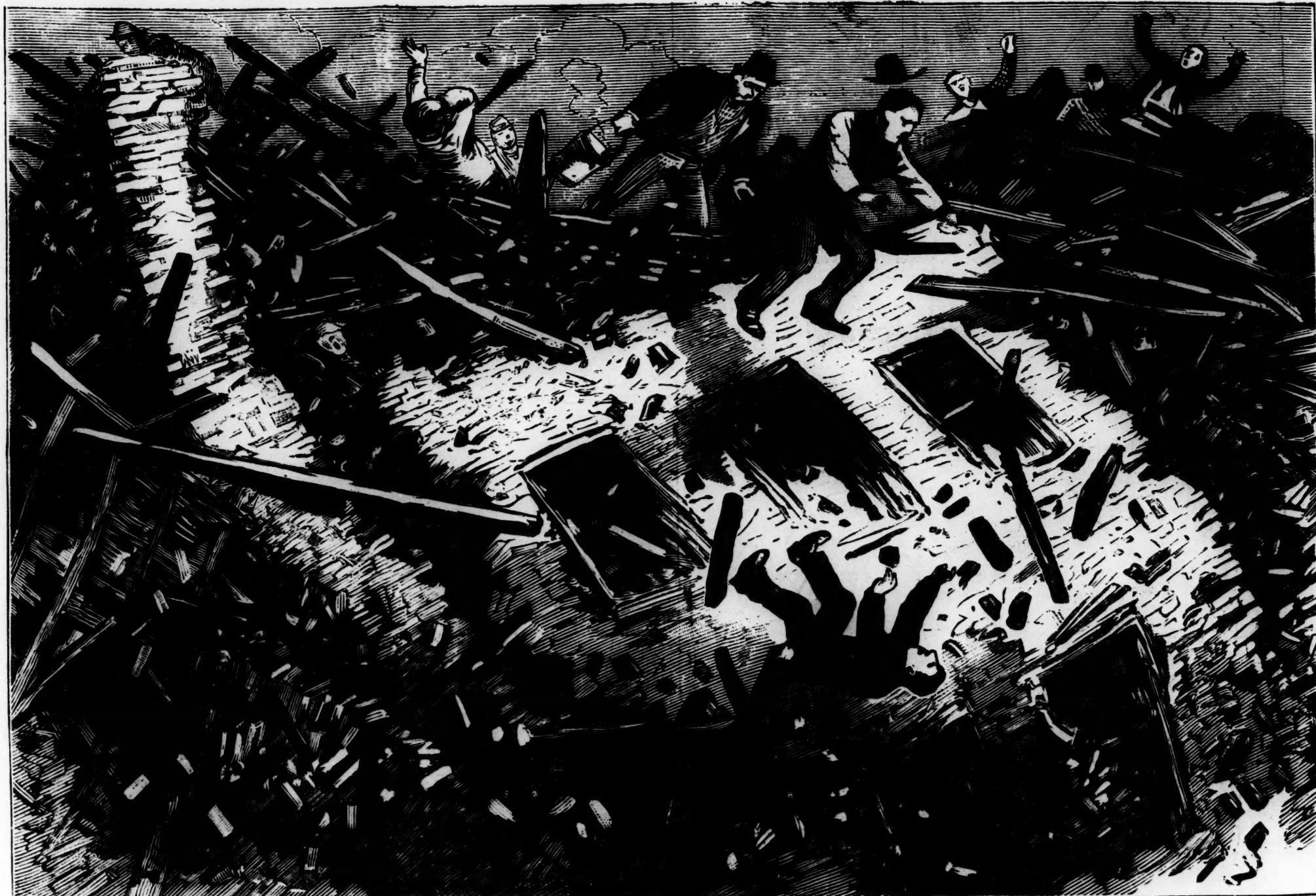
In the bright galaxy of youth and beauty which supports Harry Dixey in "Ixion" there

is none fairer or more enchanting than Miss Lulu Applegate, whose picture we publish elsewhere.

Practical Editors.

Col. Singerly, editor of the Philadelphia Record, has a Holstein heifer which gave seven-

ty-two pounds of milk in one day. Col. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun, has a brood of Spanish capons, each of which is in the habit of laying a couple of eggs per diem. Dr. George L. Miller, editor of the Omaha Herald, has a forest of catalpa trees, which, by ingenious grafting, he has brought to bear an annual crop of delicious oranges.



ROTTEN ROW.

THE FEARFUL AND APPALLING CATASTROPHE WHICH OVERTOOK THE BUILDING OPERATIONS OF A MISERLY CONTRACTOR.



WHIPPED BY WOMEN.

MR. ONDERDONK, OF NYACK, IS SEVERELY CHASTISED IN THE STREET BY A COUPLE OF INDIGNANT AMAZONS.



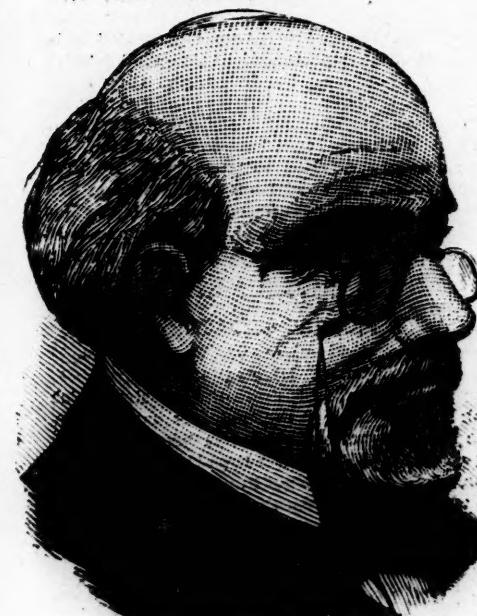
GEORGE H. MILLS,

THE WIFE-MURDERER, WHO WAS HANGED IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., ON APRIL 10.



J. WARTNER,

CONDENMED TO DIE MAY 15, AT RENSSELAER, IND., FOR THE MURDER OF JOHN DREGER.



JAMES D. FISKE,

THE EX PRESIDENT OF THE MARINE BANK, RECENTLY CONVICTED IN NEW YORK CITY.



GEORGE M. PULLMAN,

THE GREAT PALACE-CAR BUILDER WHO MADE HIMSELF AND TRAVELERS SO COMFORTABLE.



AMOR SMITH, JR.

THE NEWLY-ELECTED MAYOR OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Philadelphia Exposures.

Elsewhere we publish likenesses of Editor Alick McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, and Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, who are now waging a war over the Sullivan-McCaffrey fiasco.

The Belligerent [Miss Sweet.

Miss Ada Sweet, who is starting out to make a fight with the Commissioner of Pensions because he asked her to resign, is one of the most prominent of the women office-holders of the country. The salary of the position is \$4,000 a year. Her father was a gallant officer during the war. He died about 1873. At the time of his death he had charge of the pension office at Chicago.

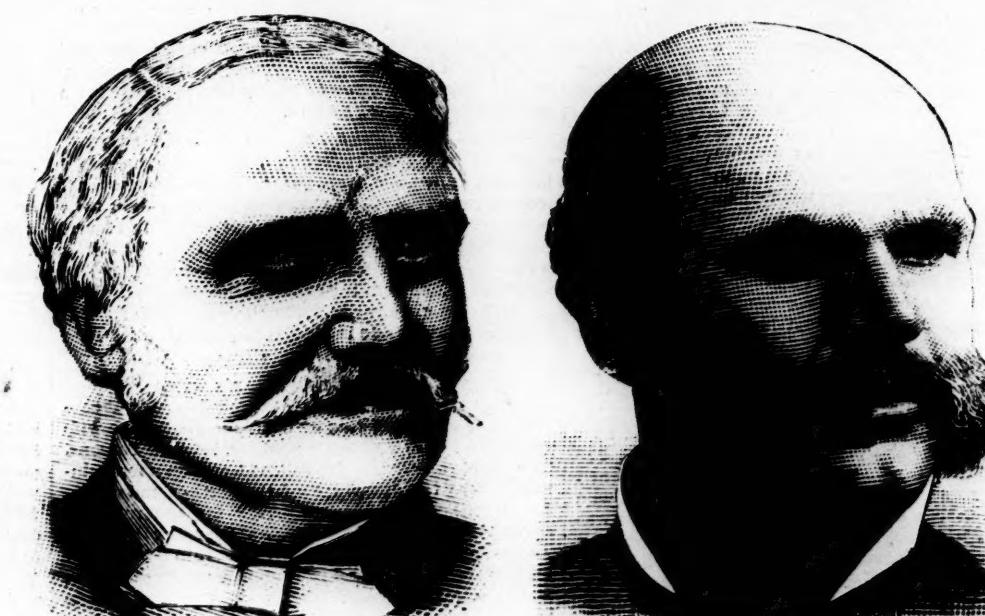
His daughter, Miss Ada Sweet, was his chief clerk. The daughter, who was then about twenty-five years or age, made the bold determination to apply for her father's position. The friends of Gen. Sweet rallied

themselves in a reasonable manner after their daily labor.

DRAM-SHOPS are defined by the Legislature of Kansas as "common nuisances."



THE YOUNG LADY WHO HOLDS THE CHICAGO PENSION AGENCY AGAINST GENERAL BLACK.



ALEXANDER MCCLURE,

THE PHILADELPHIA EDITOR WHO HEADS THE MOVEMENT AGAINST MAYOR SMITH.

MAYOR SMITH,

THE INDEPENDENT EXECUTIVE OF THE DROWSY OLD BURGH OF PHILADELPHIA.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

A "HOWLING SWELL" DIVORCE SUIT.

The divorce petition of Jennie P. Fosdick, of New York, against C. B. Fosdick, is being tried at Newport, R. I., before Chief Justice Durfee and Justice Stiness, and proves to be one of the most extraordinary in the history of the State. Mrs. Fosdick was accompanied in court by Judge Horace Russell, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge S. Clark, her parents, and many others. She did not appear to let the extraordinary developments trouble her at all. She has City Solicitor Peckham for counsel. Mr. Fosdick, who was in



court with his parents, and Mr. David A. Wells, of Johnstown, N. Y., had as counsel Mr. Chas. H. Parkhurst and Mr. E. Hazard, of Providence. They are fighting the case step by step.

When the case was called counsel for the defense at once raised the question of jurisdiction. They said that the petitioner admitted having come here to obtain a divorce, and that her residence, if she had one here at all, was not such as the law contemplated. Counsel further argued that by an agreement entered into between the parties, whereby they were to live apart for their natural lives, and defendant to allow the petitioner \$2,500 a year, the whole charges, of all which had occurred prior to the agreement, had been condoned.

The Court, without deciding this point, proceeded to hear the testimony, including that of several witnesses who testified to the petitioner's desire for a *bona fide* residence here.

Mr. B. S. Clarke, of New York, father of the petitioner, testified that soon after the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Fosdick he was at Fort Monroe with them. He was called hurriedly to his daughter's room, when she accused her husband of striking her with his fist. There was a swelling on her forehead the size of a walnut. Witness put a 25-cent piece on to it, but it was not sufficient to cover it. Later on, when at San Maritz, his daughter wrote him that her husband had struck her on the arms, back and head with his stick. Later on, while at Rome, Italy, he received a telegram requesting his return, and when he arrived in this country he learned that Fosdick had been again beating his wife.

Mrs. Josephine Franck and Mrs. Anna Branwau Id testified to respondent's alleged acts of cruelty, and to his calling his wife very disgusting names. He neglected his children and his wife, and was frequently out all night. Kate Cooney gave similar testimony.

Dr. Hepburn testified to hearing Mrs. Fosdick say at Islip: "Right here on my back in the open street. I won't stand it. I will send for my father." This referred to an assault by the respondent.

Cornelius Pleasants, a coachman in the family, testified to being in the Fosdicks' employ at Babylon. One day Mr. Fosdick was going to New York. He had a victoria at the door. Fosdick took hold of his wife, pushed and struck her violently, told her to "Get in the carriage and shut your — mouth." Mrs. Fosdick was then in a very delicate condition. The week following she gave birth to a child.

Walter and Percy Clarke, brothers of the petitioner, who are now in Montana, deposed to certain acts of cruelty.

The defense called Mr. C. Barton Fosdick, the father of the defendant. He testified to Mrs. Fosdick's neglect of her children and her home, and said that one of her companions was a Mrs. Huribert, who was even now in Providence seeking to get a divorce. One night Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick, who lived at his house then, went out separately. He returned at 10:30, but she did not return until 12:30. Then they had a row. Witness described at length the visits of a Mr. Charles A. Child, of New York, to the petitioner, which gave great offense to witness and his son, and caused a regular scandal. Witness also testified to Mrs. Fosdick's violent temper. He said that she used to sit in dark corners with Child, and when she was in New York she would receive him in her apartment, which sometimes was used as a bedroom and sometimes as a parlor. In consequence of this conduct he represented the case to his son, to whom he gave an excellent character.

Mrs. Fosdick, mother of the respondent, made an extraordinary sensation by her testimony, which was given in a very impressive manner. She said that before the second child was born Mrs. Fosdick was in a great rage when she discovered her condition. She wanted witness to give her something. She threatened to go to some one who would. Mrs. Huribert, who was suing for a divorce in Providence, and who was Mr. Child's sister, had a bad influence over her daughter-in-law.

Ellen Gorman, a domestic, testified to Mr. Child's having visited Mrs. Fosdick at their house in New York. He came one night, and Mrs. Fosdick sent witness to bed.

The evidence is not all in.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL-SHARON SKIPS.

Sarah Althea Hill-Sharon, having failed to produce the "My Dear Wife" letters and the alleged marriage contract in the United States Circuit Court last week,

as directed by Judge Sawyer, an order was issued for her appearance, to show cause why she should not be imprisoned for contempt. A deputy United States marshal started out in quest of Sarah Althea, to serve upon her the order to show cause, issued by Judge Sawyer, why she should not be punished for contempt in failing to produce the papers as ordered. The marshal went to work with the usual alacrity of these active officials, but he did not seem to find Sarah as fast as he expected to.

He labored hard, but no Sarah did he find. The marshal's men believe that she is in San Francisco, and declare that she will be found, if the whole force has to turn out to trace her; also that should they not be able to serve the order on her before the time named upon it for her to appear expires, Judge Sawyer will extend the time, and she will be systematically hunted.

Her absence probably explains what she meant when she said that she would not obey the order if the court made it. And also the fact that her counsel were perfectly willing that the order should be made to bring her into court.

Those who have watched the case very closely during all its peculiar changes, say that this great struggle of Sarah's to keep the papers out of court is because she fears serious results for herself and others if they are given up for the expert's tests, and that she will attempt to keep away from the clutches of the officers until after the Supreme Court has passed upon her motion to dismiss Sharon's appeal from Sullivan's order and judgment. Should she be defeated there, they say that she will not produce the papers if there is any way by which she can lose them. It was ascertained that she sailed for Honolulu on the steamer Mariposa under an assumed name.

AN OLD SCANDAL REVIVED.

Coroner E. A. Reilly of Elmira, N. Y., and Thomas Nealon of San Francisco were arrested, April 10, for opening the grave and mutilating the remains of Gen. William Irvine, who died in San Francisco in December, 1882, and was brought here and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. Nealon, who says he is a detective, visited Elmira in January to make some preliminary observations. Three weeks ago he returned, accompanied by Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, of San Francisco. He said that they were on legal business connected with the settlement of an estate. They worked up their plans by presenting their own affidavits and other documents purporting to be from San Francisco doctors and others, alleging that Irvine died by poisoning. Cemetery Commissioner Nathan Baker, ex-Coroner Maroney, Drs. W. Weyl and C. H. Squire were present when the grave was opened and the body taken to the dead-house, where the stomach was cut out and the remains otherwise mutilated. The stomach was properly sealed, and is now in the hands of Reilly. These facts became known to the family of Gen. Irvine, his daughter, Mrs. Lilla Merkle, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Reilly and Nealon. The case came before Recorder Cass, and was postponed one week. Reilly was released on \$1,000 bail, and Nealon, in default of bail, was locked up.

Gen. Irvine became acquainted with Mrs. Fitzgerald in 1886, and she afterward went to live with him. Tiring of her, he got her married to an army officer named Lee, who turned out to be a drunkard. In 1871 Gen. Irvine went to San Francisco and secured a heavy law practice. He again met Mrs. Fitzgerald and lived with her some time, his wife being in the East. In 1881 Irvine's family followed him to San Francisco, and his relations with Mrs. Fitzgerald became of public notoriety. Gen. Irvine died suddenly of pneumonia. Mrs. Fitzgerald claimed to have loaned him \$2,400, and she was living in one of his houses at the time of his death. She sued for the \$2,400, but was beaten in court. She also claimed that in a will Irvine had left her a large amount of property, but no will has ever been found. Her agents have attempted several times to get money from Mrs. Irvine.

It is said that the present act is to draw money from Mrs. Irvine, who was with her husband when he died, and who gave him something to eat just before his death. The attempt to prove poisoning, of course, aims to fix the dead upon Mrs. Irvine, a lady very highly respected and esteemed here.

THEIR GAME EXPLODED.

Mrs. Annie P. Merton's suit for divorce against her husband, Herman, was dismissed by Chief Justice Barnard in Brooklyn. Five men, who said they were private detectives, testified that they saw Merton in a house on West Thirty-first street, this city, and made damaging allegations. Merton, it appears, was enticed into the house by a postal-card, asking him to call and make an estimate for some carpentering. It was signed "Raymond."

One of the private detectives, who testified under the name of Rose, represented himself as Raymond and spoke about the work. As it was night, Merton decided to call again in the daytime. He did so, and learning the character of the house, went away. His testimony was corroborated by one Ingall, who accompanied him on both visits.

Judge Barnard in dismissing the complaint declared that Merton had only been saved from the machinations of the private detectives by taking with him a friend who had stood by him.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MARRIED AGAIN.
Mrs. Sallie Ward Lawrence Hunt Armstrong, who has been known for forty years as the most beautiful woman in the South, was married for the fourth time last week in her private parlors at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky. The groom was Mr. G. F. Downs, a wealthy gentleman of high social position, seventy-five years of age. Though the courtship has lasted six years the wedding is a surprise, and will cause a great social sensation. The bride is fifty-eight years old, but does not look over forty-five.

ELOPES WITH HIS UNCLE'S WIFE.

The town of Lewes, Del., was thrown into great confusion the other morning by the elopement of the wife of Robert Parsons with his nephew, Edward Parsons. The couple arrived at the railroad station a few minutes before the departure of the north-bound train. Mr. Parsons, who was searching for the runaway couple, rode up just as his wife was boarding the train. As young Parsons was following her into the car her husband seized him and pushed him to the platform, where a terrible struggle ensued. The antagonists fought desperately, and not until the train moved away did the fight cease, when young Parsons fell to the ground, and, breaking through the crowd, ran and caught the departing train, on board of which was Mrs. Parsons. During the fight Robert Parsons received several wounds, and now lies in a critical condition. The eloping couple bought tickets for Philadelphia.

FISH HOOKED.

The Banker Who Ruined Gen. Grant at Last Put in Jail.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

When James D. Fish, of the Marine Bank, was taken to Ludlow Street Jail Warden Philip Kiernan was waiting for him behind the prison register. The jail's big door clanked heavily, two or three lighter gratings opened and shut, and Mr. Fish was safely landed.

Deputy Marshal Jeffries handed the warden this commitment:

No. 1722.
The United States vs. James D. Fish—Charged with Violating the Banking Laws.

The above defendant is hereby delivered by me into the custody of the keeper of the County Jail in pursuance of the statutes in such case made and provided. (Signed) JOEL B. ERHARD, Marshal of the United States for the Southern District of New York. April 11, 1886.

The warden entered in the register:

Prisoner—James D. Fish. Charge—Violating banking laws.

Then he shut the book with a bang, and led Mr. Fish to the stairway. They climbed one flight of iron steps and reached what is called the ground-floor, though it's one story above the ground. Then they climbed another flight to the "first tier," and walked half way along the tier. The warden opened cell No. 41. Mr. Fish entered, the iron door sprung to behind him, and Mr. Fish must have realized that his money-making methods were faulty.

The cell is about eight feet by ten. The floor shines from scrubbing, the walls shine with whitewash. A cot, a table and a chair leave little room for walking. The light peeps in through a barred window looking upon Ludlow street. The boy who rakes the furnaces in Mr. Fish's Mystic Flats sleeps in a better room.

Mr. Fish arose at half-past six. He laved himself in a tin basin, got into the ill-fitting pepper-and-salt suit of clothes that he wore at his trial, combed the little fringe of white hair circling his head, arranged his gray beard and was ready for breakfast. Those who can pay for it can eat at the warden's private table in the jail. Mr. Fish is not ruined yet, even if those who trusted him are, so he came down stairs to the warden's dining-room.

Mr. Fish was in fine appetite. He ate a beef steak and some ham and eggs and he drank his coffee as if he liked it. Right opposite to his seat hung on the wall this sign:

"Gentlemen will please not take anything from the table."

Mr. Fish did not stop to consider whether the sign referred to the spoons or the food, but devoted himself to his ham and eggs and coffee.

The distinguished prisoner lounged into the warden's office after breakfast, lit a cigar and talked of everything but of his case or himself. "I don't want to see him," he answered, gruffly, when the warden asked him if he would like to call on Mr. Ferdinand Ward. The idea disturbed him, for he left the office and went back to his cell. Two minutes afterward Mr. Ward left his apartments and stretched his legs in the corridor. The masters of finance missed each other by a hair's-breadth. A dozen times during the day the same thing happened, yet they failed to meet.

One of Mr. Fish's sons came to see him about 11 o'clock with a tall, stout gentleman who did not send in his name. The three talked long together and in low tones. Scarcely had the younger Fish gone away when dinner time came and the elder Fish came with it to the private table. He was prompt and hungry, and the warden's menu was good. Fricasseed chicken, corned beef, beets, peas and pudding all passed over his critical palate, and he enjoyed them.

Seated again in the office at half-past two after dinner, Mr. Fish seemed at peace with all the world. Watching the smoke wreath from his cigar he began to talk. His voice was quiet and firm; not a tremor shook the hand that held the cigar.

"I must say I expected that the jury would disagree," said the pent-up speculator, "but I've gone through so much lately that I'm no longer surprised at anything."

Puff, puff at the cigar and a pause. Then he went on:

"As for that collusion with Ward that Root laid such stress on, that's absolutely false. I was investing money where I thought it would bring me the largest and quickest returns. The investments have proved to be unwise. Now they talk of collusion."

Another pause and a very far-away look out of the sharp little eyes.

"I don't know what my lawyers will do about this. I suppose they'll appeal. I'm ignorant of the course to be taken. I've never had occasion before to learn it. I'm told I go to court again to-morrow morning."

Again an interval of musing.

"After all a man can accommodate himself to any circumstances. They are plenty of rich men who are not happy simply because they are rich. Now I had a very good bed last night, very good; and this morning I enjoyed my breakfast very much. The ham and eggs were good. The bread was as good as I could get anywhere in New York. Now just to show you: I was in Mexico not long ago. I couldn't eat anything there. They don't know how to cook. For example, they served me stewed tomatoes swimming in grease. Bah! That disgusted me."

Mr. Fish threw away his cigar, whose light had gone out, rose and walked toward the stairway, to an outward appearance pondering on the stewed tomatoes a Mexican served him and giving not a thought to the straits he is in.

MAUD S.'S BILL OF FARE.

A group of well-known horsemen stood around Maud S. in her comfortably-fitted apartment in the Belmont Park stables, Philadelphia, the other day, and discussed the probability of the famous trotter lowering next fall her already great record. The little mare, who is always given the full range of her accommodations, moved from one man to another, playfully poking her nose under their arms or into their coat pockets in quest of the tidbits she is accustomed to receive. She finally got around to her trainer, W. W. Bair, against whose cheek she rubbed her nose, and then proceeded to make a thorough examination of his coat pockets.

"She wants some candy," said Mr. Bair. "She likes it."

After eating several pieces of candy with apparent satisfaction, she demonstrated the versatility of her taste by munching with equal pleasure a small slice of gingerbread and a piece of pretzel.

"The little mare began jogging on the track on Mon-

day last," Mr. Bair said, "but so far she has not been moved much, only enough to give her necessary exercise. The track is in such bad condition that nothing can be done on it yet. We jog Maud around six or seven miles a day at a slow gait now, but after the track gets better we will let her go faster."

The usual daily programme consists at present of a good rubbing down in the morning by Daniel Bowers, the groom, a brisk walk on the track in the forenoon and another in the afternoon, after which the mare is again well rubbed down and every particle of mud removed from her hoofs and legs. Her food, consists principally of warm mash. Since she came to the park there has been no perceptible change in her weight, which is now 1,040 pounds. She weighed 1,024 pounds when she made her record of 200½ at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Bonner was at Belmont Park last week and expressed great satisfaction with the condition of Maud S. He has not decided at what places she shall trot during the approaching season.

A FIDDLER'S GAME.

Two Shrewd Rogues Play an Old Trick With Great Success.

"They are getting up to American tricks in Paris," said a lately-returned tourist.

"Who are?"

"Why, the rogues, of course. Those Europeans never imitate our good qualities. They only pick up our vices."

"Why, I thought Parisians could give us points on knavish tricks."

"May be: but in some things we lay 'way over them," said the tourist, with a sort of national pride.

"For instance now?"

"Well, take a case that occurred the week before I sailed. It was reported in the French papers and ran as follows:

"A little boy, a street musician, with his violin under his arm, entered a pork butcher's shop in the Rue des Martyrs and purchased a 'knuckle of ham for three francs. On feeling in his pockets he found that he had left the money at home which his mother had given him to pay for it. As it was late night-time and he would be scolded if he went home empty-handed, he asked the shopkeeper to take the violin in pledge: he would come and redeem it in the afternoon. The shopkeeper consented and put the instrument away in a corner. A quarter of an hour later a gentleman of distinguished appearance drove up in a landau, made purchases of pate de foie gras to the amount of forty francs, and carelessly taking up the violin, exclaimed: 'What a superb instrument!' He tried it en connoisseur and offered 100, 200, 300 and finally 1,000 francs for it. The shopkeeper could not dispose of what did not belong to him, but promised to try and obtain it for his wealthy customer, who took his departure, leaving his address: 'Lord Russell, Grand Hotel.'

"Ah! that was the scheme, eh?"

"You recognize it as the old Yankee trick," said the tourist, in another glow of national pride. "Well, a very pretty scene ensued on the return of the poor little musician. He for some time objected to parting with his favorite fiddle, but at last, after going home to obtain his mother's consent, he gave it up for 850 francs. The pork butcher dressed himself in his best, called a cab, and drove to the Grand Hotel, where he was politely informed that no such person as Lord Russell was staying there. The unfortunate tradesman turned all colors, excitedly insisted that he was not mistaken, and brandished his fiddle with such energy that he had to be turned out. The value of the instrument has since been ascertained to be six francs."

"The English lord was an accomplice of the knavish boy?"

"You've hit the mark."

"That is a chest

A HIDEOUS MYSTERY.

The Appalling Discovery Made by a Chambermaid in a St. Louis Hotel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The mutilated body of a man packed in a trunk was taken out of a room in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, about noon, April 14. The odor from the trunk caused the discovery.

The hotel register shows that on March 30 a gentleman registered as Walter H. Lennox Maxwell, M. D., from London, and was assigned to that room. On opening the trunk it was found that the head of the man was severed from his body, and, written on a paper inside the trunk were the words: "So perish all traitors to the great cause!"

Mr. Maxwell is described as a very girlish-looking blonde young man, wearing a dark, woolly cut-away suit of English stuff. His face was clean shaven, and he wore his hair banged, not parting it at all. He was seen in company frequently with a dark-looking gentleman, who registered as C. Arthur Preller, London, Eng., and was assigned to room 184, four days after Maxwell had registered. A telegram had previously been received from Preller, asking whether Maxwell was a guest at the house. He was answered in the affirmative and he soon came on.

Both men occupied room 184 in common a considerable part of the time, each of them calling for the key at times. They seemed to be good friends and old acquaintances. The men were much remarked about the hotel for their judicious airs. Maxwell left the hotel a week ago Sunday night, but he had paid his full week's board promptly, and it was supposed that he would return any day. No suspicion attached to his absence until the odor called attention to his room, and led to the opening of the trunk.

The trunk and its ghastly contents were hurried to the Four Courts. The body, as it appeared in the trunk, presented a horrible aspect. The face and parts of the body uncovered (the only garment a pair of drawers, reaching just to his knees) were entirely black, and showed advanced decomposition. The head and neck were doubled up at one end of the trunk, and the arms were forced down by the side of and under the body. The legs were bent at the knees, the thighs being nearly perpendicular, as if great force had been used in putting the body into the trunk. The face was smooth, the hair jet-black, and, as far as one could judge, the dead man could not have been more than thirty years of age. The only evidence of violence presented as the body lay in the trunk was a cut or stab in the breast. The trunk was a medium-sized common zinc trunk, bound with wooden strips.

Another trunk in the room was also carted off to the Morgue; where it was opened and found to contain numerous articles, among which were Maxwell's London address as "14 Paper Building, Temple, London," and an envelope addressed in his handwriting to "the Rev. G. A. Lewis, B. A., Curate of St. Paul's, Morley, Leeds, Yorkshire, Eng." He came over on the steamer Cephalonia from England. Preller has a Russian passport vized by the Russian Ambassador in London in 1878, and a passport, 1882, for Spain and Mexico, vized by the Spanish minister and signed Granville. Seven trunks, four valises, and a hat-box were left behind at the hotel, and the contents are valued at hundred of dollars.

Among many other things in Maxwell's trunk were some prescription blanks from Fenton's drug store in this city. Mr. Fenton said to a reporter that he knew Maxwell; that the latter had been in his store often; that he saw him last on Easter Sunday, when he called about 1 o'clock, and got four ounces of chloroform. About 5 o'clock he came in and got two ounces more. He seemed to be in a hurry, but not excited. A partly filled bottle of chloroform was found in Maxwell's trunk to-day. It has also been learned that on Monday following Easter Sunday Maxwell went to Hickman's barber shop and had a full beard which he wore reduced to a mustache and small imperial, and that on the same day he purchased a snuff-colored felt slouch hat with a crease crown. It is believed by those who have studied the case most closely that Maxwell chloroformed and killed Preller on Sunday, April 6. He has not been seen in the city since Monday, April 6.

Chief of Detectives Burke said: "It is a foul murder, and nothing less. The man in the trunk was killed in the room. The marks of his blood are there yet. Here is a trunk strap with blood on it."

In Preller's trunks were found samples of furniture, finishings, tapestry, rugs, etc. A bundle of letters from Preller to the firm of J. H. Dixon, Bradford, Yorkshire, on business matters, was also found, as well as addresses of several carpet firms in St. Louis. A card plate reading "C. A. Preller, 31 Abchurch Lane, London, Eng." was also found.

Preller's trunks are of much better quality than Maxwell's, being made of fine leather, and their contents indicate that their owner was a gentleman of means and culture. The trunks have on them labels of the Cupard Steamship Company, and the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, where he occupied room 186 on March 26.

Maxwell generally dressed in a brown tweed suit of English cut, a Newmarket overcoat, and a high Derby hat. In his manner he was very effeminate, which he even carried so far as to walk with short, mincing steps, like a woman.

MAYOR AMOR SMITH, JR.

[With Portrait.]

Mayor Smith, of Cincinnati, O., was born at Dayton, O., in 1840. He attended the Swedesburgian University at Urbana, and left before graduating to enter business with his father, in Cincinnati, and continues in it as the junior member of the firm of Amor Smith & Co., Cincinnati. He has been a member of the Chamber of Commerce since 1859. He was elected in 1870 a member of the first or "reform" Board of Aldermen. 1873 found him Chairman of the County Republican Executive Committee, and that year saw the banners of the party carried to victory after three years of successive defeat, covering the times of the crusade. In 1876 he was re-elected to this position. He was also Chairman of the Campaign Committee for the second or \$6,000,000 bill for the Southern Railway, one of the hardest and most brilliant fights in the history of elections in this country. He was appointed

Collector of Internal Revenue in 1878 by President Hayes and served until March, 1882. He was a delegate to the last presidential convention in Chicago, from the Second District.

In social life Mr. Smith is equally popular. He was Chairman of the Committee on Press when the National Bazaar was held in Cincinnati, and the original building on the site of the present Music Hall was built. He is also a prominent member of the Patriotic Order of Cincinnati.

GONE TO GLORY.

Another Wife-Killer Sent to Meet His Victim With the Usual Pomp and Ceremony.

[With Portrait.]

George H. Mills, the wife-murderer, was hanged in Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, on Friday April 20. At 6 o'clock he woke up with a start. He dressed himself carefully in a black suit. At the last moment a slight change was made in his outfit. Finding that the patent-leather slippers were too large for his feet, he expressed a desire for light gaiters, and a neat-fitting pair were promptly provided. He feared that in his death struggle the slippers might fall off. After being shaved closely, according to his request to the barber, he knelt in prayer with Chaplain Bass for half an hour.

On the approach of 10 o'clock Sheriff Farley, dressed in a new broadcloth suit, Under Sheriff McLaughlin, Anthony Barrett, counsel for the Sheriff, and twelve deputy sheriffs, all carrying the staves of office, and with caps on their left arms, marched up the corridor to the cell of the condemned man. Mills greeted them pleasantly, but when Sheriff Farley whispered a word in his ear he said, loud enough to be heard several yards away:

"Sheriff, I asked you not to hurry this."

"I haven't, Mills," replied the Sheriff.

"Yes," said Mills, "but the law doesn't say that I must be hanged at any particular hour; the day alone is stated. Any time before sundown would be sufficient."

"I have tried to do all I could," said the Sheriff.

Mills then turned to where his friend Maybee was standing, and said, "I am ready." Lawyer Barrett read the death warrant. As the long and formal document was read Mills paid the utmost attention, frequently interrupting the reading with ejaculations. When the wounds which caused his wife's death were described he remarked, "Oh, no, there was nothing of that kind."

After the reading of the death warrant Mills was turned over to the executioner, a little, mild-featured, blue-eyed man, with a bronzed face and iron-gray moustache, the same who had made such a bungling job of the hanging of the negro, Alexander Jefferson. The little man was resolved that there would be no mistake this time. He had left the plinching of Jefferson and the arrangement of the noose to an assistant, but on this occasion he performed the duty himself. But it was not without some reluctance.

"I have been," he said, "in this business for twenty-five years, and I have never done this before. I would not do it had I not promised the Sheriff that every possible care should be taken to prevent a scene on the scaffold."

A procession was formed with Sheriff Farley and Under Sheriff McLaughlin in front, Mills and Chaplain Bass, who wore a black surplice, following, and the twelve deputy sheriffs two and two behind. Then came some of the jail officials, Coronery Meninger and Hesse, and a squad of physicians. Mills' step was firm.

The scaffold was on the ground floor, between the ends of the stairs and about ten feet from the back wall of the prison. A high frame partition to the right concealed from view the machinery, the hangman and his attendants.

Mills walked directly to the spot beneath the rope, turning his eyes to the right and left, as if to give a parting look to such friends as he could recognize. His white-kid-gloved hands could be seen twitching by his sides. He looked earnestly at Chaplain Bass. There were, however, no religious exercises. The hangman adjusted the noose, and then Chaplain Bass, stepping a few feet to the front, said:

"This man wants to return thanks to the Sheriff and the jailors and to the persons who have attended him."

He then stepped aside, and Mills, with head erect and eyes looking straight ahead, said:

"Gentlemen, I stand before you here to-day condemned to death, and I have but a few moments to live. I appeal to my God to witness as I stand here that when I committed the crime I am to die for I was out of my mind. The civil law of this land has got to be carried out, and I command myself to God, and thank you, Sheriff, and your officers for the kind manner you have treated me. I thank all my friends, and especially my dear brother Bass, who worked so hard for me, and who has been blamed for trying to save a man's soul. He has done as much for me as a legal adviser. He has done more to save me. My legal adviser I (pausing) won't say anything about God save me and I hope he will forgive. I command myself to God."

These words were spoken in a clear and strong voice.

"Be firm," the Sheriff whispered, "be firm, Mills; your last moment has come."

"God bless—God bless you," whispered the pale lips.

To place the knot in position, under the left ear, and to draw down the cap was the work of an instant. Apparently there was no sign from the Sheriff. Without warning to the spectators, Mills was jerked three feet into the air. There was little evidence of a death struggle. In less than a minute all motion had ceased. He was hanged at 10:14 o'clock, and at 10:45 his body was lowered into a black-cloth covered coffin. Dr. John Johnson said:

"It was the most painless execution I have ever witnessed, and I have seen scores. I don't think the man suffered for an instant. The knot was so arranged that the neck was broken and death was instantaneous."

THE GIANTS MATCHED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our wonderful double-page block this week represents the meeting of Champion Sullivan and ex-Champion Ryan when they came together to arrange the details of the great scientific and artistic exhibition in which each confidently hopes to prove himself a better boxer than the other.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

MURDEROUS MORTAR.

A Row of Rotten Buildings Falls in with Fatal Effect.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There were but few streets in New York that wore a more unsuspicious aspect, if streets can be said to be unsuspicious, than West Sixty-second street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, did at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th. The muffled noise of the hammers and saws within, and the laughter of the few children playing in the heaps of earth before the buildings were the only sounds that reached the ears of the few passers-by on the nearly empty avenues at either end of the block.

At five minutes after three, Frank Watson, one of the lathers, discovered that he was thirsty, very thirsty. His "boss" was not around, and his tin lunch pail was lying at the foot of the low scaffolding on which he was working in a room in one of the houses in the middle of the doomed row. The temptation proved too strong for Watson. He dropped his hammer and left the half-finished ceiling to take care of himself for a few minutes, while he and the tin pail went around the corner to the nearest beer saloon.

The pail was filled, and Watson was just rounding the corner, when a shrill scream up the street made him start. The scream came from one of the half-dozen children who had been playing in the heaps of dirt which had served as sand for the mortar used in this typical row of New York tenement houses.

The child had dropped the bit of board that he had been using as a shovel and was scampering across the street. At his heels followed his screaming playmates.

The next instant there was a crackling sound, followed by a deafening crash. Then, as Watson stared motionless up the street, the front of the house nearest the Tenth avenue end of the fated row began to swing back and forth. The bricklayers at work on the low wall of the next house, which had scarcely risen above the foundations, dropped their trowels, sprang down into the street and ran for their lives.

The front of the house adjoining gave a final lurch and caved in. Before it had disappeared inward the unpainted iron cornice of the next house fell forward into the street, and the entire front wall crumbled down. Then the other six houses, one after the other, tumbled down as if they had been so many houses of cards, and a dense cloud of dust rose, blinding the view of people on the block to everything in the street.

At the upper end of the block at Tenth avenue two policemen—Malone and Strong—were standing on the corner. When the crash came both started on a run down the block toward the falling buildings, but as the thick cloud of dust puffed up toward them they turned simultaneously and started for the fire-alarm box on a telegraph pole diagonally across the lower corner of Tenth avenue. From this box, numbered 881, a fire-alarm signal was sent out, which called up engines Nos. 48, 23 and 47, the last being a combination company, comprising a hook and ladder company as well. They had hardly sent this signal when a workman dashed up the street to them. "There are more than twenty men buried under these houses. Send for an ambulance!" he yelled, and then ran down the avenue, calling for assistance upon every one he met as he ran.

This startling intelligence completely upset the two policemen. They ran across the avenue, and, stopping for a moment on the corner, peered down the street into the murky dust cloud that hid everything twenty feet away from them. A confused chorus of shrieks, cries and groans came to them from where the houses had stood. This was enough. One of the officers at once plunged into the suffocating cloud, while the other went back to the alarm box and sent out twenty-five taps.

This signal threw every hospital in the city into confusion, for every one in them knew that it was the signal for all the ambulances on Manhattan Island—a signal which is only heard on occasions of great disaster. Two special fire calls for Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 2 and 13 were then rung out by the policeman, when the box was closed and he ran to his brother officers' assistance in the cloud of dust.

Fully five minutes passed before the terrified crowd that had gathered at both ends of the block could tell what had happened. Then, as the dust was slowly blown aside by the wind that blew up from the North river, the ruins lay before them.

The street was filled with shattered beams and great galvanized iron cornices, twisted as if they had been made of pewter. Where the row of eight houses, five stories high, had stood but a few moments before there was nothing but a great heap of broken timbers and huge piles of brick reaching up as high as where the second story had been.

For a few moments there was hardly a movement in the throng that stared, bewildered, at the ruins, and then came a sound that seemed to be the death cry of all the wounded men buried beneath the great pile of debris before them. There was a rush from both avenues, upward and downward, and in a moment the street was filled with shrieking women and pale-faced men.

Still no one seemed to realize that there could be anything done until a tall figure, in a black coat buttoned tightly up under the chin, appeared on the top of the ruins and shouted down to the bewildered crowd in the street. It was Father Brady, one of the Paulist Fathers from the church at the corner of Ninth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. He had been visiting one of his parishioners in Sixty-first street, and, hearing the crash, had hurried through the house and the back yards and clambered over the ruins.

Under his stirring orders the spell that held the crowd was broken, and men, women and children dashed in among the piles of ruined masonry, and with their hands began to tear away the beams and bricks that were crushing out the lives of the groaning men below.

They had hardly begun when the Roosevelt Hospital ambulances arrived, closely followed by the engines, hook and ladder companies and the ambulances from the more distant hospitals.

UNHOLY NEIGHBORS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Close by the Hoboken Monastery a gang of loafers, with female equivalents, made their home in a deserted shanty. The orgies of the ungodly crew so disturbed the monks that they complained to the police

and a raid was ordered. Six "toughs" and five young girls, two of them with nursing infants, were duly captured. Every one of the lot had served more or less time in the penitentiary.

IN THE TIGER'S CAGE.

Animal Trainers Transferring a Menagerie to Summer Quarters.

One of the most ticklish epochs in the life of the showman was observed at Adam Forepaugh's winter quarters in Richmond, Va., the other day. It was the removal of the animals forming the menagerie from their comfortable stalls under cover to the narrow limits of the iron-barred cages on wheels. This dangerous work was done under the direction of Supt. "Jack" Forepaugh, a brother of the veteran showman, noted as a wild-beast trainer, and about twenty keepers. The work of removal began about 9 o'clock and occupied the entire day.

The first beast of note to be stirred from his den was George, the hippopotamus, who lays in a doze on a bed of hay. His "hotel" for the next six months, as the keepers named the carved and illuminated wagon, had been backed up to the stable-door and opened and a stout platform was built by which he could walk easily in. George's stall was at the further end of the stable, and from this to the platform at the door was thrown up a temporary barricade, formed of loose plank, several iron-bound boxes that resembled dry goods cases and a skirmish line of keepers, all armed with heavy whips of thong.

"Now, Pete," said Supt. "Jack," "bring George out."

Pete, who was a medium-sized lad of about twenty years, with a smooth, blonde face and an accent that betokened his Scandinavian birth, walked to the stall, took down the heavy bars, and, touching the behemoth lightly under the chin with his heavy training-whip, said:

"Come on, George."

An enormous deep-red cavity formed, and from it came a roar that shook the building and aroused the lions on the floor above. Then George walked straight out along the narrow avenue lined with keepers to the platform leading to his cage, looked at the vehicle for a moment, and deliberately turned around and attempted to go back to his old quarters.

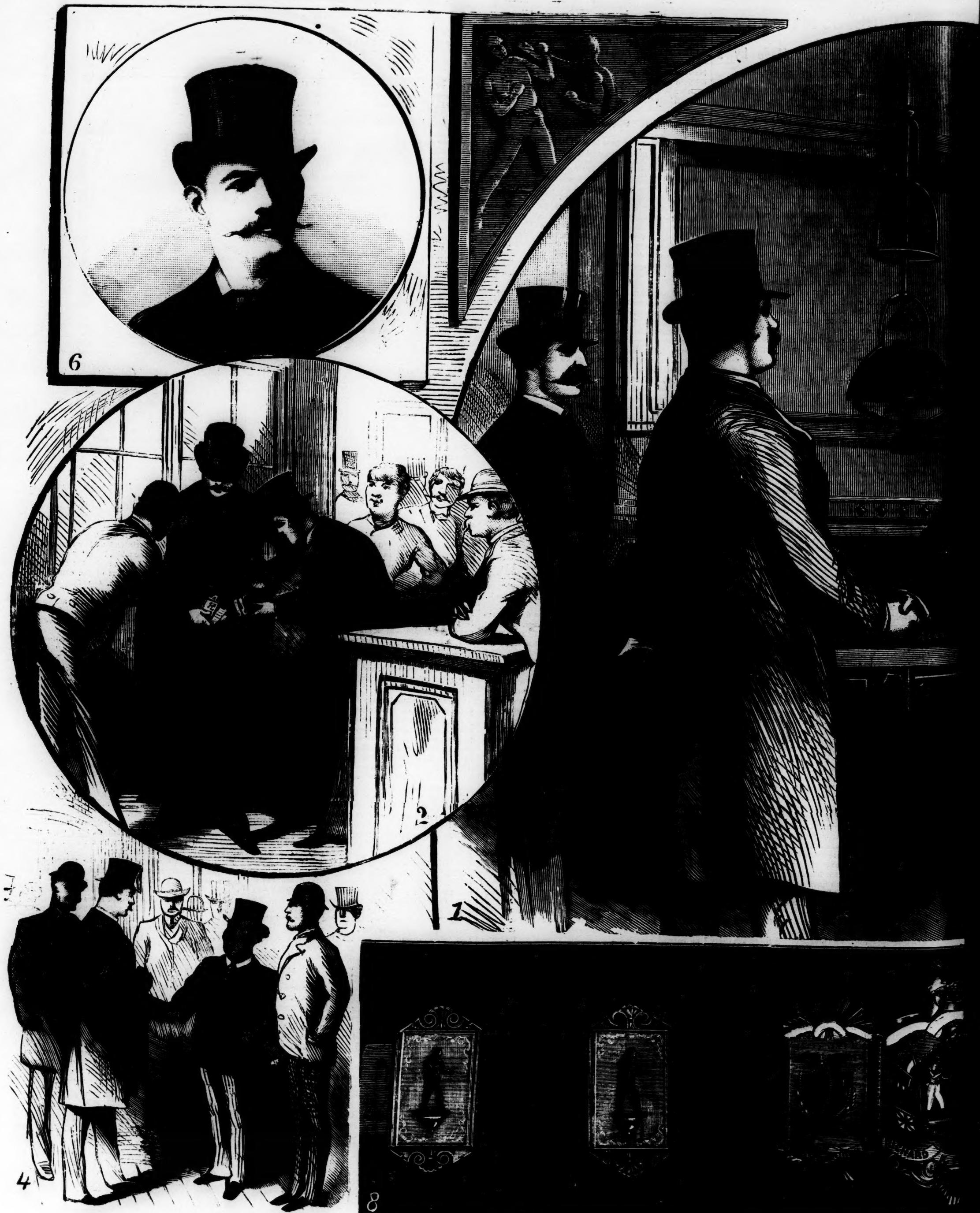
"Hold the planks up to him," shouted Supt. "Jack." "Don't let him turn around."

The keepers held a heavy plank behind the retreating boar, against which he rubbed for a moment, and then opening his mouth gave a terrific roar and lay down.

Prevented from going to his box-stall George thought to foil his disturbers by doing nothing.

"Pshaw!" said the superintendent in a tone of disgust. "Tickle him with the whip, Pete."

By this time George had closed his eyes and to all appearance was utterly oblivious of the commotion in progress around him. Pete, the flaxen-haired Swede, tickled him, coaxed him, and finally



THE GIANTS

HOW THE GREATEST LIVING EXPONENTS OF BOXING MET TOMORROW

I.--"Glad to See You, Mr. Ryan." II.--Trying on the Diamond Belt. III.--Signing the Contract in Jersey City.



IT'S MATCHED.

TO ARRANGE THEIR EXHIBITION FOR SCIENTIFIC POINTS ONLY.

V--The Hero's Welcome. VI--John L. Sullivan. VII--Paddy Ryan. VIII--The Belt.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close, and Accurate Resume of the Arienic Events of the Week.

Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, with his trainer, Al. Powers, left for San Francisco on April 16.

Jack Dempsey, the light-weight champion of America, arrived in San Francisco on April 12. Dempsey is to meet Tom Cleary.

Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson, writes that he cannot at present arrange any glove contest between Johnny File and Jack Dempsey.

At Monterey, Cal., on March 25, W. H. Horn and J. Martinez fought with small gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Horn won after a short but desperate contest.

At Portland, Oregon, Charley Burner and Tom Turk have been matched in the orthodox 24-foot ring, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500. The battle is to be fought at Portland, Oregon, on the 20th inst.

Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist, is still in the hospital at Portland, Oregon. He desires to return thanks to Tom Turk, the pugilist, and Joseph Taylor for favors received while he has been confined in the hospital.

Joe Fowler will be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 23. Fowler will box 4 rounds, Queensberry rules. Fowler is the feather-weight champion, and one of the el-est boxers that ever entered the ring.

At the Academy of Music, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 10, Malcolm W. Ford, the amateur champion jumper, in three standing jumps covered 34 feet 3½ inches. It will not make a record because the stage on which the performance was made is level.

At Butte City recently Duncan O. McDonald and P. McNally met to arrange a match for \$500 a side, but no match was arranged. McDonald agreed to meet McNally either according to London prize ring rules or Queensberry rules, with hard gloves, at Cour d'Alene, Idaho, where a mill can be successfully brought off, but McNally refused to arrange the match.

Billy Edwards is the manager of the charitable exhibition for the benefit of the widow of Joe Goss. He has engaged Madison Square Garden for April 21, and all the principal boxers will appear. One of the important events will be the meeting between Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish-American champion, and Prof. John Laffin. Some impostors have been raising subscriptions from numerous saloon-keepers, promising to leave their tickets. No tickets will be issued or sold until the night of the show, and those who subscribe for tickets will be gullied.

The "Times," Philadelphia, of April 11, says: "John L. Sullivan" spent several hours at Steele's this afternoon, and spoke of the coming fight with Paddy Ryan. "You see," he said, smilingly, as he raised a glass of ale to his lips, "that I am beginning to train." One of the newspapers said that I began yesterday by drinking brandy and absinthe. That's nonsense. I haven't tasted a drop of brandy for six years. I shall go into training for the fight soon. After it is over I am willing to fight any man in the world unless, of course, we get into trouble for the fight with Ryan. Richard K. Fox is to select the place, and I shall probably train near the place of meeting. I shall stay in town until to-morrow evening, and then I shall go to Boston."

Miles McNally, of Butte City, Montana, publishes the following challenge in a Western exchange:

"Learning that an impression prevails that I was unwilling to fight J. K. Faile, or Duncan McDonald, of Butte, I desire to dispel that thought by now challenging either of the two named gentlemen to a bare-knuckle fight, for \$500 or \$600 a side. Being unlawful to fight in the Territory, I will meet either of the parties outside the limits of Montana; or if it can be arranged to fight within the Territory, I am satisfied to engage to that effect. Before coming to Montana, and even since I have repeatedly challenged Duncan McDonald, who has so repeatedly refused to fight. Put up that all gentlemen! Duncan McDonald preferred. Men and money at Sportmen's Hall, corner Wyoming and Quartz streets, Butte.

The "Tribune," N. Y., April 10, says: "Wm. E. Harding, Richard K. Fox's representative, deposited with Harry Hill, yesterday, the \$2,500 for which John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan are expected to fight on June 16. Every precaution has been taken to evade the law against prize-fighting. In the articles of agreement the fight is described as a square stand-up exhibition, with small gloves, to a finish, according to the new rules of the London prize ring. As a further precaution against prosecution the articles were signed in Jersey City. Mr. Fox was not present when the arrangements were made nor when the money was deposited, and the receipt for the money was not taken in his name. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Fox donated the belt, but his friends say it would undoubtedly be hard, under the circumstances, to prove that he was instigating a prize fight."

The coming gladiatorial struggle between John L. Sullivan, the Boston Hercules, and Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., for \$5,000 and the diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, is not a fixture. There is not the least doubt but that the exhibition, or the meeting between the acknowledged champion and the ex-champion, will create a greater sensation in sporting circles than when they met on the banks of the Mississippi in February, 1882. It will be remembered that Sullivan conquered Ryan on that occasion after a hurricane battle, which lasted 11 minutes, and won the \$7,000 and the championship of the world. Since that battle, over three years ago, there has been rumors that the contest was not decided on its merits and many sporting men who let small grummes on the result claimed that Ryan should have won. On June 16 the mooted question will be decided, and Sullivan will no doubt prove, as he did at Mississippi City, that he is the champion pugilist of the world."—*Daily News, New York.*

The New York "Sun," on April 10, published the following: "Two thousand five hundred dollars in \$500 bills lay on a round table in Harry Hill's yesterday afternoon. W. E. Harding turned it over to Hill, as the purse for the fight between Sullivan and Ryan in Montana on June 16. Hill paid back the \$500 posted with him on May 10, Sullivan's forfeit. 'Now, you understand,' said Harding, 'that \$2,500 is to be paid to either Sullivan or Ryan after their exhibition on June 16 at Butte City, or to the winner of the preceding contest.' 'I understand,' said Harry. 'I will give this purse to the winner, according to the decision of the referee. What about the belt?' 'The winner will get that after the exhibition,' said Harding. "Mr. Gleason says that anybody who thinks that Sullivan is not in good health should have seen him eat his dinner at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, last Wednesday. He demolished a large meal, portentous size, four soft-boiled eggs, six slices of toast, celery and a pint bottle of claret." Sullivan says he will go into training next week under the mentorship of Pat Sheppard and John Bogie. Pat Sheppard and James Patterson will look after Ryan's interests, and John Roach will train him. Sullivan and Ryan are to meet thirty days before the fight to arrange where the battle will take place. Ryan wants to have it at Butte City, and thinks it will be decided on the race-course. If he and Sullivan cannot come to an understanding Harding will name the battle-ground."

At the Standard theatre, Seattle, Washington Territory, recently, there was a glove contest under the management of J. W. Smith, of the Bijou theatre, between Billy Hall and Tommy Clancy, for \$100 a side. Hall agreeing to knock Clancy out in 6 rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules. The match created considerable speculation among their respective friends, Hall's supporters relying upon his superior science for victory, he having figured in several amateur exhibitions given by the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, of which club he was a member. Clancy has a local reputation as a sprinter and general athlete. Both men went into active training, Hall under the tutorage of Ed. Reynolds, who deserves great credit for the fine condition in which he brought his man to the scratch. Clancy worked under the instructions of Jimmy Clark and Dick Covington, both experienced trainers. Phil. Hearn, of Rosco & Hearn, of the Bijou theatre, was chosen referee, and Dick Pritchard, time keeper. There was considerable betting on the result and odds were laid that Hall could not knock Clancy out. The fighting during the first five rounds was desperate and Clancy punished Hall terribly although he was recoverable. In the sixth round the men came to the scratch fairly. Clancy was the fresher of the

two. Some heavy exchanges took place when Clancy delivered a heavy right-hander which caused the blood to flow freely from Hall's mouth and nose, and changed the tide of battle in Clancy's favor. Hall hardly recovered from the effects of the blow, when the referee called time and declared Clancy the winner of the fight, as Hall had failed to knock him out.

On April 6, the "Enquirer" (Cincinnati) published the following: "Paddy Ryan was waiting for Sullivan at the Police Gazette office this afternoon. When the latter arrived here, sporting men of note were thins as blackberries, and each man had from one to dozen suggestions. Sullivan listened to them all with patience, and then had the articles of agreement drawn up as he liked. He said he had enough of law, and so the affair must be managed so as to prevent all danger of his being arrested or otherwise troubled with justice. Every precaution was taken to this end.

The coming fight was mentioned in the articles as a fair stand-up exhibition with small gloves, according to the new rules of the London ring; the said exhibition to be for the sum of \$2,500, a subscribed purse, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, the winner to receive in addition two-thirds of all excursion money, and the loser one-third. The fight will occur on the 16th of June at a place to be chosen by the principals or the donor of the diamond belt in case they should fail to agree on a location. Both men must appear in the ring between 6 and 10 A. M., and Harry Hill will hold the stakes until the winner is named. Sullivan was in splendid condition and sober as any juge could be, and his clear skin and appearance seemed to contrast the stories told about his heavy drinking. Paddy Ryan didn't look so much like a fighter as Sullivan did, but he looked very fine, too. His stylish black suit fit to perfection; his face was wreathed in smiles, and a big green emerald shown below his sunburn mustache. No one seeing the two men together would ever have supposed they were going to fight. Whatever Ryan said Sullivan concurred in, and when Sullivan's cigar went out, Ryan leaned over toward him and gave him a light from the cigar he held in his mouth. Sullivan looked his thanks, and said: 'After all, Paddy, it's just a matter of business. Where's the use of hard feeling?' 'There ain't any,' replied Paddy. 'And, Paddy,' said Sullivan, 'if I tick you I'll shake hands with you, and if you tick me I'll shake just the same.' Ryan said he would shake on the same principles. Both men said that they would have no difficulty in agreeing on a place and fight and declared their willingness to fight anywhere, provided the inhabitants had plenty of money and the magistrates were not too severe. The fight will probably take place in Montana, near Butte City. Sullivan, when questioned in regard to the coming contest, said: 'What do I think about this fight? Well, I don't want to say what I can do, but I'll bet money that I'll win, and Paddy and myself will have an outside bet of \$2,500. When that's over I'm going over to the other side, and will stay there for a couple of years. May be, if I go over the water and kick everybody and then come back here, it will start things up again, and New York will be all right.' Sullivan weighed to-day 223 pounds and Ryan two pounds less. Ryan is the taller and Sullivan the better built man. They will fight at catch weight, and sporting men predict a rattling fight. Sullivan laughed when he was asked about fighting McCaffrey. 'I'll fight him anywhere,' he said, 'whenever I get time. If he wants to come out when I fight Ryan, I'll give him a show, and fight him an hour after I've through with the first fight, whether I lose or win. McCaffrey isn't near as good a man as Mitchell, and it's foolish for any man of sense to talk of his knocking me out, with a difference of sixty or seventy pounds between us.'

The following is the complete special report of the glove contest between Mike Cleary, of New York, and Frank Crockett, at the Pavilion, San Francisco, on April 6. Crockett was at least 3 inches taller than Cleary and much heavier, he being 165 pounds and Cleary 162. Tom Barry and Pat Corley performed the honors for the Californian, and Tom Walling with Tom Cleary had charge of Cleary. At 10:30 the two men, throwing off the coats which rested on their broad shoulders, advanced to shake hands. Cleary was calm and Crockett smiling "fine," howled Billy Jordan, who had been selected to act as referee, and the bout was fairly commenced.

Round 1.—Both men sparred for an opening, Crockett working his arms rapidly, and watching Cleary closely. The latter was also not very anxious to begin hostilities. For some 10 seconds the play continued, when Cleary led with his left for Crockett's stomach. The latter stepped quickly back and the blow failed to reach with the force intended. The play for an opening was resumed, when suddenly Crockett let fly with his left for Cleary's ear, but was parried. The New Yorker tapped Crockett's ribs lightly. Again Cleary led for Crockett's wind, and again failed to do any damage. The freeby at this point sent his right out with some force and planted his mittens under Cleary's ear. The latter shook his head, and a surprised look appeared on his countenance. He replied quickly, however, and some lively short-arm work was done by both men, and they clinched. Having broken, the men sparred, and Crockett led; in a moment Cleary sent his right toward Crockett's neck, and reached his mark. Crockett merely stepped back and sparred, showing no signs of having felt the blow. This aroused enthusiasm, and the yells were terrific. Some more short-arm work was done, Crockett fighting carefully and clinching to do short-arm work as well as to avoid Cleary's swinging blows. When it was fully realized that Cleary had failed to knock out the Californian in the first round, as was predicted, the applause was tremendous and the excitement ran high.

Round 2.—At the call of time for the second round both men responded quickly, and after few seconds sparring some lively hitting was done on both sides. Cleary forced the fighting, making great efforts to reach Crockett's neck, but the latter dodged every blow by ducking his head, replying once or twice viciously. By this time it had dawned upon the audience that Cleary had met a man more than his match in strength but lacking in science. Hopes were entertained that the freeby would be able to get in a blow which would lay Cleary out. Crockett at this point caught the Eastern fighter a heavy blow in the mouth. "That's a good one," remarked Crockett. "You bet it is," replied Cleary, as he made a vicious jab at Crockett's wind. Some lively work followed, in the midst of which the time-keeper's voice was heard. Cleary spat out some blood as he took his seat, his upper lip having been cut by Crockett's blow.

Round 3.—The scene at this time was indescribable, the audience rising in their seats and acting like madmen, cheering Crockett. As the two men stepped forward for the third round Crockett was observed to be smiling and Cleary looked a trifle anxious. Again Cleary made for Crockett's wind, giving him more than a genito blow. Sparring followed, when both men went to work and terrific blows were delivered on both sides. It was plain that Crockett had been trained to avoid Cleary's blow for the ear. Instead of retiring from it, he would close upon Cleary and endeavor to get the latter's head in chancery. When the two came together Crockett would invariably give Cleary a terrific hug about the neck and hard blows about the ear. Several times during the round Crockett did this, and avoided the dreaded blow. A moment after one of these clinches had been broken by Jordan, Crockett's right flew out and caught Cleary a square blow on the neck. The New Yorker staggered back, his hands fell, and if Crockett had followed him up the fight would have ended there in favor of the Western man. He leveled feeble, short-arm blows at Cleary, pushing him about at will when Cleary clinched. Until time was called Crockett had things entirely his own way, and could have knocked Cleary out with a heavy blow. It was plain, however, that he was afraid of the Eastern fighter. In the minute between rounds Cleary recovered in a wonderful manner, and was quite fresh at the opening of the fourth round.

Round 4.—Crockett opened by knocking Cleary about for awhile, when the latter began to force the fighting. Cleary had given up all hope of catching Crockett under the ear and gave his entire attention to his stomach. Crockett responded, once in awhile with a vicious cut at Cleary's face. The round ended with both men winded.

Round 5.—The fifth and last round was not on a par with any of the preceding ones as regards the fighting. Cleary's only endeavor was to reach Crockett's wind, and the Californian did not know how to avoid the terrific blow. Cleary followed him up, receiving several vicious cuts in doing so, but at last planted his right on Crockett's ribs, following up with a swift left-hand blow at Crockett's stomach, catching the San Francisco boy a square blow. Crockett doubled up and his hands fell to his side. Cleary looked surprised, as Crockett, sinking on one knee, feebly murmured that he had enough. Billy Jordan waited 10 seconds before he awarded the fight to Cleary. Crockett vomited in his room, but looked anything but sick when he left the stand. The disappointment over Crockett losing the fight was great, as after the third round it was expected that he would knock out Cleary with ease.

Send \$1.00 to this office and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

George Hosmer has begun training on the Charles river, at Boston.

McCaffrey is anxious to find a backer to match him against Sullivan.

W. H. Shadley, who was ruled off by the Louisville Jockey Club in the fall of 1883, has been reinstated.

The boxing championships of the Island City Athletic Club will be fought for in New York on Monday, April 20.

Bill Thomas and Mike McDonnell fought 8 rounds on Wilkes-Barre, April 6, for love. Thomas was the winner.

George Hosmer thinks Teemer is the best oarsman in the world. He says he will "go broke" that the McKersport lad can beat the Australian champion.

Courtney says there is not money enough offered in prizes at New Orleans to induce him to go there. A good many other scullers, for once, are inclined to his way of thinking.

Advices from Australia state that at Melbourne recently Messrs. Leibis and Wagner made 100 miles in 24 hours, stopping 11 hours. The ride was from Norwood to Lyndoch Valley, over the turnpike and return.

At Streator, Ill., on April 11, Tom Silvers, a pugilist of some notoriety, who broke the arm of Paddy Welsh, a middleweight of Chicago, in a glove fight, was in the city some time ago, committed suicide by taking laudanum.

The Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania has engaged the services of Frank C. Dole to train the football team the coming season. Mr. Dole trained Princeton in 1882, Yale in 1883 and Wesleyan in 1884.

The Staten Island Gun Club has disbanded, and fourteen of its most prominent members have applied for admission to the Carteret Gun Club, of Bergen Point, N. J. Several of the Westminster Kennel Club members are practicing on the Carteret ground for the coming Philadelphia Gun Club's meeting.

At Akron, Ohio, on April 11, Eugene Delacy, the colt sponsor, now holding the Cleveland Herald championship silver cup of Ohio, met Thomas Kelley in a 5-mile foot-race for \$150 a side. Delacy won easily in 27:07½, dogging Kelley within 2½ feet of his heels for twenty-one out of twenty-five laps.

At Toronto articles of agreement have been signed between A. M. Polley, of Goderich, and John Forbes, of Woodstock, to trot Tom Ralph against Elsie Groff, mile heats, best three in five, for \$250 a side, at Brantford, Ont., on Tuesday, May 19, 10 a.m. and track; if not, to trot on the next good day and track.

Billy Madden has engaged Turn Hall, Fourth street, for May 11 and 12, for a grand amateur boxing tournament. The competition will be for feather, light, middle and heavy weights. Entries should be at once sent to Billy Madden, Athletic Hall, 120 East Thirteenth street.

S. A. Tanner, of Richmond, Va., has at last matched his four-year-old filly Vernette. She is to trot in June next, at Sulphur Park, Philadelphia, and engages to draw a wagon, best three in five, against J. S. Smith's J. C. S., in harness; also against Mr. Smith's Spider, same terms and conditions, in September next. Each race being made for \$300 a side.

At Newark, Del., on April 10, Jackie O'Donnell, of Springfield, N. J., and Tom McCullough, of Newark, N. J., are said to have fought for a purse. The affair was kept very quiet, and only about twenty spectators were present. After 7 rounds had been fought McCullough was declared the winner and the party dispersed. None of the particulars are obtainable.

Thomas Stevens left New York on the City of Chicago for Liverpool recently. On his arrival in England he will commence his proposed trip round the world on his bicycle. The wheeling distance will be about 10,000 miles. Stevens last year rode from San Francisco to Boston, about 3,500 miles. He is twenty-nine years old, a native of England, and unmarried.

The spring athletic sports of the University of Pennsylvania will be held at the new athletic ground, Fifty-sixth and Spruce streets, on Saturday, May 9. The games will consist of 100 yds. dash, mile run, pole-vaulting, hurdle-racing, bicycle-riding, mile walk and tug-of-war. On this occasion the new grounds, on which over \$7,000 has been expended, will be opened to the public.

At Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, on April 10, the unfinished wrestling match of Monday, April 6, between J. Grady and W. Coupe, both of Philadelphia, was concluded. The two men wrestled for an hour and a half on April 6 without either gaining a fall. On Friday, however, Grady won two straight falls in 13 minutes and 24 minutes respectively. The stakes were \$50 and Joe Acton acted as referee.

The 800-point straight-rail billiard contest at St. Louis on April 9, between Cattoon and Maggioli, was won by the latter in six innings. Maggioli averaged 133½, the highest average ever made in this country, excepting one of 33 by Schaefer in a 1,000-point game. Cattoon made 87, averaging 44½. Maggioli's highest runs were 366 and 420. He closed his fourth inning with 297 points. Cattoon made runs of 175 and 208.

The regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen is to be held at Hamilton, Ont. Laing, O'Connor and Enwright, three scullers that have been under the ban for alleged conduct inconsistent with the rules of amateur rowing associations, were exonerated, and they will probably row at the meeting. Notice of this action on the part of the Canadian Association was sent to the Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen at New York.

Advices from England state that the latest betting for the Two Thousand Guineas in England is 7 to 1 against Child of the Mist, 10 to 1 each against Langwill and Luminary, and 11 to 1 against Xanthus. Paradox is still the favorite for the Two Thousand Guineas, with 3 to 1 taken. For the Derby Paradox and Melton are both quoted at 1 to 1, with 1 to 1 offered against Luminary, 16 to 1 each against Child of the Mist and Sexton, and 18 to 1 against Royal Hampton. For the Oaks 2 to 1 has been accepted against Cora, 100 to 30 against Dame Agnes, and 100 to 15 against Sienna.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. G. E. Bunwell, Sleepy Brett, F. Clow, Andy Colman, Harry Dobson, James

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

I understand John Curtis is eager to match a 25-pound canine against Dan Kane's (of Cincinnati) Paddy.

Curtis has posted a forfeit of \$250, and I am certain a match will be arranged.

The cocking main between New York and New Jersey, fought on April 7, in the clam-catcher's State, was one of the most interesting contests ever fought.

The New Jersey fowls only lost by not having been in condition. If they had been properly trained they would have won.

The stakes were \$50 each battle and \$500 the odd fight. Thirteen battles were fought, and at the conclusion of the affair the score was 8 to 6.

Short-distance professional sprint races are not as frequent or as popular as they were during the past two decades.

I think this is owing to the many fraudulent races that have been run, and from the fact that nearly every sprinter after he is matched to run for a large stake does not try to win, or enters in collusion with his opponent or his backer.

By the way, I understand a great race is to be run at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on April 20, between George H. Smith, of Pittsburgh, Penn., and H. M. Johnson, of New York.

I have been informed by a correspondent that the distance is 125 yards, and the stakes \$1,000 a side.

Both are fast sprinters, and probably two of the fastest in the world, but whether the race is a genuine one, or whether the amount is quoted in print to lend importance to the affair, I cannot say.

Perhaps the \$1,000 a side is up, or it may not be. However, this is of little importance if both pedestrians are going to run on their merits.

If the race is arranged for to trap the betting men and capture the pool-box, the safest way to speculate is to back neither.

The Canadian Baseball Club have abandoned their proposed tour through the country.

It is probably just as well, for unless the Canadian players were able to defeat our crack clubs they would fail to draw large crowds, and their visits would, financially, have been a failure.

Sporting men in Florida are surprised at the great pace John S. Prince, the champion bicycle-rider, makes on his bicycle.

Prince has covered a mile in 1 minute 39 seconds, and if he repeats that performance in that State the natives will be doubly surprised.

The announcement that Richard K. Fox had decided to offer a purse of \$5,000 for a grand international single-scuil race for the championship of the world, has created quite a sensation in boating circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is more than likely that every oarsman in England, Australia and this country will enter for the first prize, \$3,000, which amount is large enough to induce all the oarsmen of both hemispheres to compete.

One important fact in reference to the proposed race is that every oarsman is well aware they will receive the large money prizes offered, and the \$5,000 will be deposited in the National Park Bank, to be paid by the president to the winners, according to the decision of the referee.

Beach has no one to conquer in Australia, and he is anxious to visit this country. Richard K. Fox agreed to pay him \$500 if he will enter and compete in the race, and with such an inducement there is every probability that he will invade the United States and measure spruces with the numerous English, American and Canadian oarsmen.

The race will be managed by James Pilkington, a prominent promoter of rowing, and, with his practical experience, I am sure the race will be one of the most important and interesting that ever occurred in this or any other country.

On a recent visit to Philadelphia I met Peter Duryea, the popular turfman and promoter of several successful 6-day go-as-you-please races.

Duryea appeared to be very much surprised over Edward Hanlan's unexpected defeat. During the conversation with Duryea, in the Continental Hotel, he said: "There must have been something wrong with Hanlan. He agreed to send me a cable if he thought he could win the race and was in condition. I received no cable, and came to the conclusion something was amiss."

Further, he said: "It is my opinion the zigzag course had a great deal to do with Hanlan's defeat. I am ready to back Hanlan to row Beach a 4 or 5-mile race for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, the race to be rowed on any course in America, and I will allow Beach \$500 for expenses."

Again, in reference to the proposed 6-day races, Duryea said there would be a 6-day race in Madison Square Garden in October, and he intended to make it a success.

In regard to the 6-day roller-skating race, booked to take place at Madison Square Garden next May, under the management of Peter Duryea, the latter says he never signed any agreement for such a contest, and that he never gave any one any sanction to use his name as a manager of a roller-skating match.

I understand that the sporting men who purchased tickets to witness John L. Sullivan and Dominick McCaffrey box at Philadelphia on April 2, only received a part of their money in return for the tickets.

The managers scooped or scalped fifty cents from each ticket instead of refunding all the money received.

All parties who purchased tickets from Arthur Chambers received their money intact without fifty per cent being retained.

Sullivan states he had nothing to do with the affair, and if he had the full management of the affair he would have returned dollar for dollar.

Any person who paid \$3 for a ticket should have received his money back again on producing the ticket.

At the time Herbert A. Slade and Jem Mace were to have boxed thousands of tickets were sold at \$1 and \$2 each. The exhibition was stopped, but every one who purchased a ticket and presented it for redemption within a specified time received his money back.

It would have been only just and fair if the manager or managers of the McCaffrey and Sullivan exhibition had done the same.

Jimmie Patterson was in his glory when he witnessed the preliminaries for the match arranged between Sullivan and Ryan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I wish that McGaffey or some of these fellows would fight Fryer," said Arthur Chambers, "I've got a thousand dollars or two to bet Fryer can beat any of them, barring Sullivan."

I have been informed Arthur Chambers will be one of John L. Sullivan's seconds, and Patsy Sheppard will be the other. Chambers and Sheppard seconded Tom Allen when the latter nearly murdered Mike McCook at Chateau Island, twelve years ago.

Manning has finally accepted the terms offered by the Philadelphia Club and signed for the coming season. Farrar is the only reserved player not signed.

The clubs of the Connecticut State League will play four games a week, the visiting club getting a \$40 guarantee.

Richard Burns, of last year's Connecticut Unions, has signed a contract to play in Milwaukee the coming season.

Radbourne is kicking about the new rule imposed on pitchers to keep both feet on the ground when delivering the ball.

Walter F. Prince, of last year's Detroit League team, and the Nationals, will be captain of the Havrehill Club this year.

Springfield, Mass., is on deck with the baseball fever. An organization was perfected recently with a capital stock of \$1,250.

A new Canadian League is to be formed with clubs in Hamilton, Toronto, London, Guelph and Woodstock.

W. H. Thomas, of New London, Conn., captain of last year's Willimantic, will play with the Meriden this season.

New Haven has made formal application for admission into the Southern New England Baseball League. It is said that \$1,000 has already been subscribed for the support of the League.

Morton, the left-handed college pitcher, who played two games with Philadelphia last season, is looking for an engagement.

The Arctic Club has made arrangements to play all its games this season at Oak Point. The games that have so far been arranged are as follows: April 6, Arctic vs. Olympic; April 12, Arctic vs. Monitor; April 18, Arctic vs. Spanish; April 26, Arctic vs. Jersey City Exhibition Company, and May 3, Arctic vs. Jersey Blues, champions of the Hudson County League.

President McKnight, of the American Association, has protested the reinstatement of Boyle by the Eastern League.

It appears Alf. Greenfield, the pugilist, not being able to conquer John L. Sullivan at Boston, has made an attempt to make the English sporting press believe he did not receive fair play. He engaged a scribbler on an obscure sheet in Boston to send a long letter to Pendragon, and about this epistle I clip the following from the *Referee*:

"I have received a note from Holake, who describes himself as a sporting journalist, and who writes from Boston, which, if only half the statements in it are true, puts an entirely new complexion on the recent glove encounter between Sullivan and Greenfield.

"We cannot very much grumble at the press of Boston and New York for expressing their belief that Sullivan is the winner. Even Holake himself is tinged with the same peculiarity. Although I fancy he has a decided grievance, I am not inclined to go all the way with him; but shall rest satisfied with the belief that Sullivan took by no means such liberties with his opponent as was at first supposed and stated by the alleged journalist.

"Holake insists, as an eye-witness, that Greenfield is the only man who ever stood 4 rounds with Sullivan. But, my dear sir, according to your own showing, there is all the difference between Sullivan drunk and Sullivan sober. I must admit in fairness that, under the handling of Holake, Greenfield comes out very well indeed, if not handsomely. Tag Wilson crawled on the stage twenty-seven times. Mitchell made it a go-as-you-please, while Slade did nothing but hug Sullivan, and Sullivan in his first contest with Greenfield in New York, had the Birmingham man fought to a standstill.

"Holake sets out by stating that he writes to me at the request and in the interest of Alf. Greenfield, who is smarting under the injustice he has received since his arrival in the United States. Sullivan is it said—and this I should think is likely enough—selected his own referee and time-keeper; also he insisted on using gloves provided by himself.

"Sullivan is also described as coming to the building drunk; but he was sobered up before he stepped upon the stage. This is a weak part of the story. Any means of making a drunken man sober at short notice, and especially sober enough for twelve minutes' hard punching, would confer not only wealth but immortality upon its inventor. From what follows, however, it would seem as though Sullivan was not made altogether as sober as he might have been.

"Holake also states that Sullivan's manager, Police Capt. Twombly, notified Nobby Clark that, in case Greenfield attempted to go hard at Sullivan, he would be placed under arrest.

"It is understood that this threat restricted Greenfield somewhat, and he acted on the defensive, displaying good science and generalship." Nothing more natural; yet we are also told in the sentence which follows that Greenfield fought in a manly and straightforward fashion, and fully held his own. At the end of the fourth round every impartial person in the hall expected to hear the referee announce it a draw, but they were sadly disappointed.

A correspondent at the Hub furnishes me with the facts of the recent boxing humbug, in which about 200 paid \$2 per head at the Hub Athletic club-room to witness two glove fights which never came off.

One contest was to be between Matt Cunningham, of Lowell, and Jack Leonard, of South Boston, while the other was to be between Paddy Sullivan, of Lowell, and a soldier (unknown) in the service of Uncle Sam. From 8 o'clock until after 9 o'clock the spectators waited patiently, but although all the sparring bills were on hand, no one appeared to manage the show.

Later, Cunningham, accompanied by Leonard, both in strict attire, entered the ring and announced that they had been promised \$75 to spar scientifically six rounds, but as the manager was not forthcoming, and no one connected with the show originally seemed to be on hand, they declined to go on. The crowd left, and demanded their money, when it was learned that the managers of the show had collected the money and departed.

It was a well-worked scheme, and the concoctors made quite a stake, and left to witness the Sullivan and McCaffrey boxing match at Philadelphia, leaving their victims to mourn the loss of their \$2.

Pendragon says: "As I have often enough had occasion to insist, there is no dependence whatever to be placed in the awards of American referees, so far as competitions for points go. Either they are chosen because of their absolute ignorance of boxing, or they are no end dishonest."

How it is my opinion Pendragon must labor under the impression that no one but a man born in Albion could fill that position.

There are just as competent persons in America to fill the position of referee as there are in England—and there are just as many persons who frequently fill that position in England as incompetent.

Send \$1.00 to this office, and paper will be regularly mailed to your address for thirteen weeks.

S. R., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Daniel O'Leary was born at Clonkeely, Ireland, June 29, 1846. 2. He stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches and weighs 160 pounds.

A. E., Caughville, Ind.—The fastest running time for 1 mile is 6 minutes 16 1/2 seconds, made by Wm. Cummings, at Preston, Eng. May 14, 1861.

D. N. G., Austin, Texas.—1. Tim Hoeman, brother to John C. Hoeman, was shot at Philadelphia on June 11, 1868. 2. He died on June 14, 1868.

C. M., Richmond, Va.—John Scannell fatally shot Thomas Donahue in the pool-room corner Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, Nov. 2, 1872.

D. E., Syracuse, N.Y.—Jim Fisk was shot and killed Saturday, Jan. 6, 1872. His assailant was sentenced to and served four years in Sing Sing prison.

W. M., Coenties Slip, New York City.—H. Pencock has elevated a 10-pound dumb-bell 8,431 times in 4 hours 34 minutes, at New York on Dec. 13, 1870.

D. S., Boston, Montreal city from extreme boundary on Back River road to banks of St. Lawrence is about 2 1/4 miles. Population at last census was 127,000.

A. C., St. Louis, Mo.—Walinch's first theatre, on Broadway, two doors below Broome street, was opened Dec. 23, 1850. It was then called Bruegham's Lyceum.

W. J. Y., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. No. 2, Sullivan and McCaffrey boxed at Tom Dunn's benefit, at Boston, in August, 1864. It was only supposed to be a friendly set-to.

A. W., Philadelphia.—Capt. McGowan trotted 30 miles in harness at Boston, Oct. 31, 1863, covering the distance in 56 minutes. 2. It was Little Troy.

J. S. W., Brooklyn.—John C. Hoeman was born at West Troy, N.Y. He fought John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King, but never won a match in a prize ring encounter.

Ross, Belmont, Grays Creek, Ill.—Your complaint about sending Warren Mill. Co. oats and receiving no gun to hand. We will place the complaint before the post-office authorities.

G. R., Chicago, Ill.—Hanson defeated Wm. Elliott, of Pegwood, Eng., in a race for 2300 a side and the second champion of England challenge cup, June 16, 1872, making the fastest time ever run over the Tyne course, 21 minutes 1 second.

O. C., Burlington, Vt.—1. Teddy McAlister, the Butcher Boy, and Johnny McCabe fought at Wethersfield, N.J., Sept. 9, 1861. McAlister won in 120 rounds, lasting 2 hours 35 minutes. 2. Billy Kelly and Teddy McAlister fought a draw at Jamaica, L.I., Aug. 22, 1862.

P. D., Chicago, Ill.—Daniel McFarlane shot and killed Albert D. Richardson at the Tribune office, Nov. 24, 1869, at 4:45 P.M. 2. He died Dec. 2, 1869. 3. Richardson was married to Abby Sarge McFarlane on Nov. 30, 1869, five days after the shooting. 4. McFarlane was acquitted.

J. D., Chester, Pa.—1. Duncan G. Ross has elevated the 150-pound club 15 times; Madsen Serakich, 11 times; Capt. J.C. Daly, 10 times. 2. Six feet two and three-quarter inches. 3. Forty-eight feet eight inches. 4. Hand 25 cents and we will send you book containing records.

L. M., Peoria, Ill.—1. It was in December of 1859 that Sullivan was matched to fight John Donaldson, with hard gloves, for a purse, in Cincinnati, Ohio. 2. The fight was a one-sided affair. Donaldson was no match for Sullivan. 3. The Boston champion knocked Sullivan all to pieces in 11 rounds.

L. W., Louisville, Ky.—1. It was G. Stevens that rode home the winner of the Grand National steeplechase five times. 2. He did not win it five times in succession. 3. In 1856 he won it with Fred Trader, in 1858 with Embden, in 1859 with the Colonel.

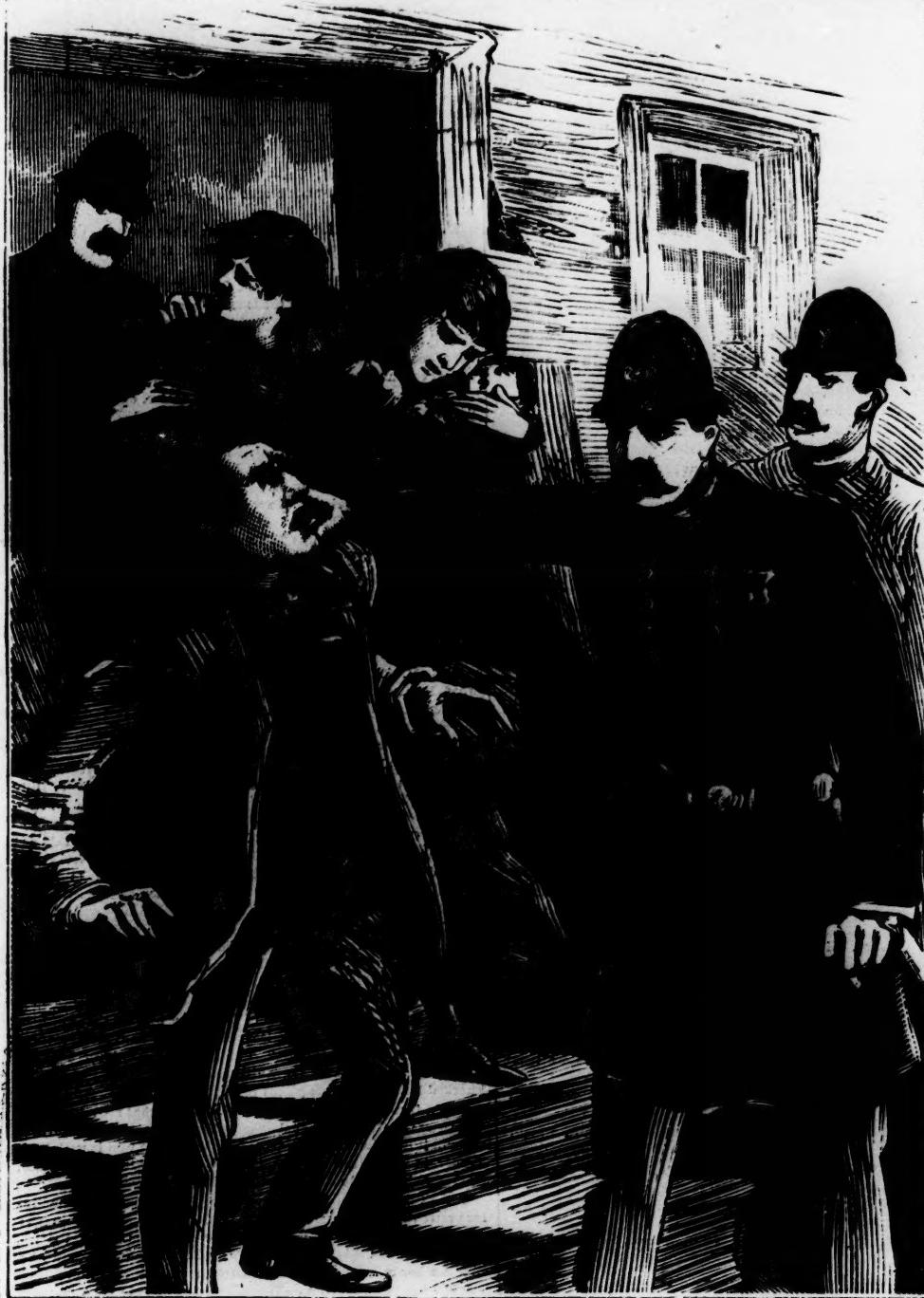
M. E., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Jim Mace did make a most ignominious retreat, or, in other words, bolted, from Mike Madden on the morning they were to fight. 2. We have heard Mace make the remark that he did this to get square with Bill Richardson and the Blue Anchor crowd for some dirty trick they had served him.

J. M., Boston, Eng.—1. The fastest time made by a steamer from New York to New Orleans was made by the Louisiana. On March 7, 1865, at 4:45 P.M., she left pier 9, passing Sandy Hook at 6:30, and arrived at New Orleans, La., on March 13, 1865, at 2 P.M. She made the trip from wharf to wharf in 5 days, 9 hours and 15 minutes, and from her to bar in a little less than five days. This is faster than the former rapid passage of this steamer, and is the quickest ever made between New York and New Orleans.

D. D., Chicago, Ill.—Tom Allen did not fight Mike McCole before he fought Wm. Davis. 2. Allen's first battle in America was with Bill Davis, at Chateau Island, St. Louis, Jan. 12, 1869. 3. Allen was in 45 rounds. Charley Gallagher then challenged Allen, and the pugilist fought on Feb. 23, 1869, at Carroll Island. The battle terminated in Gallagher's favor through a tremendous blow on the jugular vein, which laid Allen senseless after they had been at it 5 minutes and had contested 2 rounds. 4. Allen and Gallagher fought again, at Foster Island, Aug. 17, 1869. Allen won the fight and whipped Gallagher in 11 rounds, lasting 25 minutes, but the crowd interfered, and the referee declared Gallagher the winner, and Allen was robbed of a well-earned victory.

S. E., Trenton, N.J.—1. Heenan fairly and squarely beat Tom Sayers, and the referee ran away on the appearance of the police and subsequently the referee drew a draw without having witnessed the end of it. 2. The police did not stop the fight, being unable to do so; they quietly looked on and watched the fight fought out to a close. 3. The battle terminated by Sayers being pulled through the ropes out of the ring in an insatiable condition, and in Heenan knocking down Sayers' seconds for not throwing up the sponge. Finally, while Heenan was being carried as lifeless as a bag of meal, Heenan was proclaiming himself champion of the world. The last act of Heenan's was to bound over the ropes by placing one hand on one of the stakes and then running to the railway at a race-horse pace. This is the way the great battle terminated which John Bull called a draw.

J. S. W., Worcester, Mass.—1. William, alias, Nobby, Clark was born in Kidderminster, Eng., in 1840, and is forty-five years of age. 2. He stands 5 feet and his fighting weight was 105 pounds. 3. He first arrived in this country in 1853. His first appearance in the prize ring was May 28, 1853, when he whipped Jim



UNHOLY NEIGHBORS.

THE MONKS OF THE HOBOKEN MONASTERY CAUSE A RAID TO BE MADE ON A NEST OF THIEVES AND PROSTITUTES.



A BAD MONKEY.

HE HOOKS LITTLE JENNY M'CABE'S PENNY AND IS DULY ARRESTED AND TRIED FOR HIS FELONY.

A New Dodge.

The police are just "on" to the latest device in dexterous robbery introduced by a French dentist. The "doctor" is a very clever operator and a very fascinating man. He "works his racket" in the upper circles. Whenever a "swell" customer comes to him he puts her under ether and his confederate temporarily relieves her of her jewelry. Each article is rapidly photographed in the adjoining room and

then restored. Next time the victim comes she is again etherized and the bracelets, ring, earrings, etc., once more removed. But this time they are replaced by worthless paste and rolled gold trinkets, made after the photographic patterns. The Frenchman has gone West and the detectives seem to have lost sight of him.

THE "Rebel yell" at present, so far as can be made out from the careful perusal of an extended exchange list, is "Hurrah for Grant!"



A NEW DODGE.

HOW A LARCENOUS FRENCH DENTIST MANAGES TO ROB HIS SWELL FEMALE PATIENTS.



GEORGE C. BROTHERTON,

THE PROMINENT AND DESERVEDLY RESPECTED LEADER OF THE SPORTING WORLD IN PHILADELPHIA.

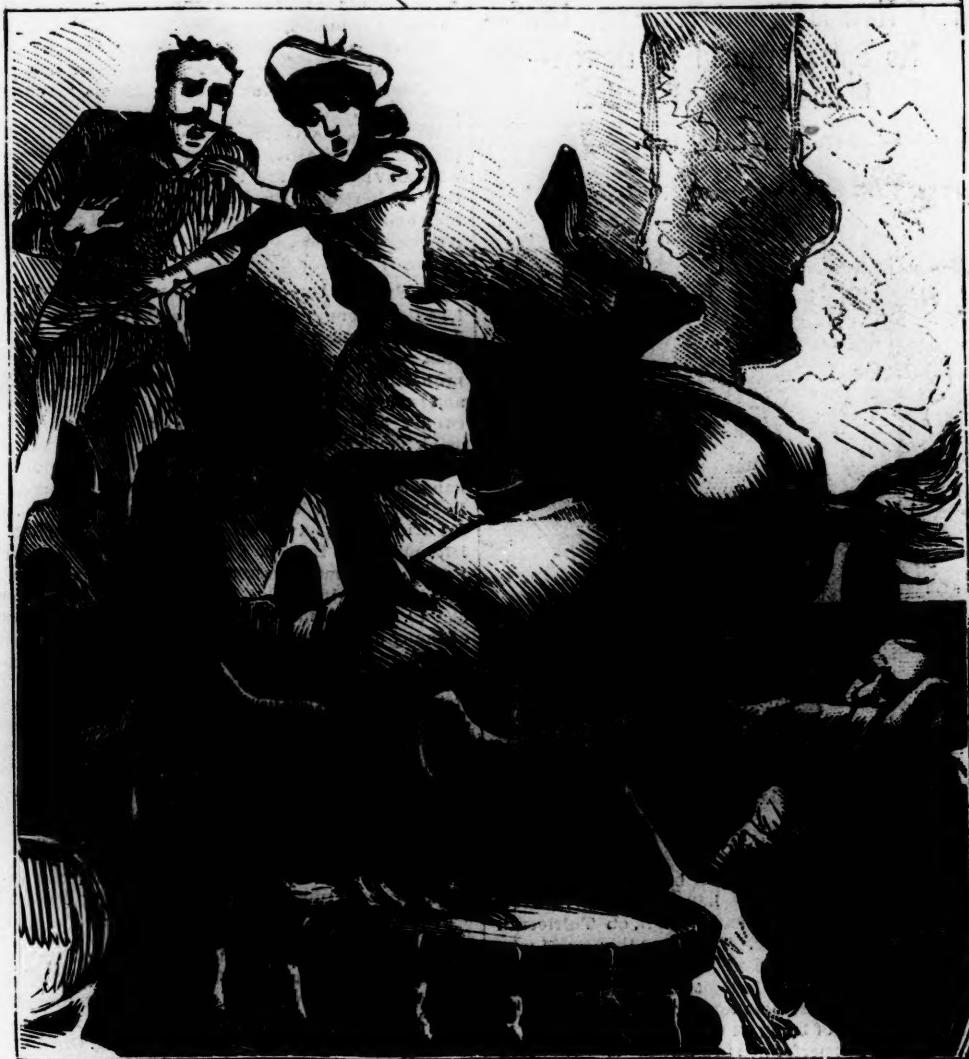
A Wise Horse.

During a recent performance of "Michael Strogoff," in Boston, a horse, ridden by one of the principal performers, evinced his disgust and dissatisfaction by backing over the foot-

lights until he arrived in the bowels of the bass drum. The drummer escaped.

George C. Brotherton.

The excellent likeness we publish of George C. Brotherton represents the biggest-hearted,

**A WISE HORSE.**

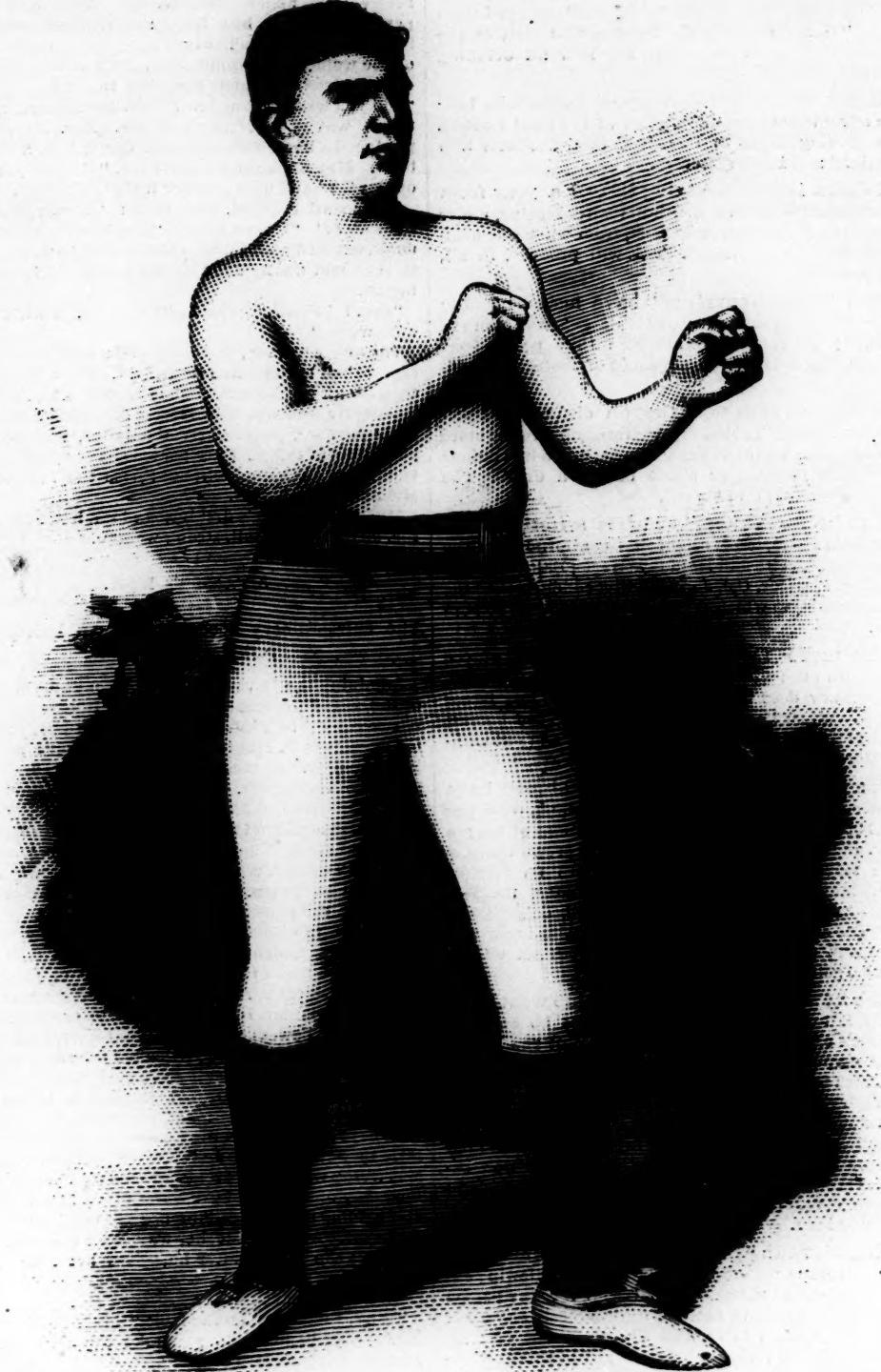
HE DISAPPROVED OF A DULL PLAY AND GAVE IT ACTION BY TUMBLING HEAD FOREMOST INTO THE BASS DRUM.

largest-handed and most adventurous and influential sporting man in the Quaker City of Philadelphia.

AL. CHAPMAN, a sporting man well known throughout the country, committed suicide at Hot Springs, Ark., March 25. He was addicted to opium-eating and had become dyspeptic.

**A BIG FISH IN THE NET.**

THE ENTERPRISING BANK PRESIDENT WHO HELPED TO RUIN GENERAL GRANT TAKES A RETIRED WASH IN LUDLOW STREET JAIL.

**JOHN MARTIN,**

THE CLEVER AND NIMBLE YOUNG PUGILIST WHO HAILS FROM THE CLASSIC CITY OF NEWARK, N. J.

MEDICAL.

Errors of Youth.
SUFFERERS FROM
Nervous Debility, Youthful Ir-
discretion, Lost Manhood,
BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being detected, they are doctor'd for everything but the real one. Considering the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with undiscovered new and concentrated remedies. The following prescription is offered as a certain and specific cure, in cases of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

Mix—Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca); drachm. Jervinebin, ½ drachm. Belonins Dioica; drachm. Gelsemin, 3 grains. Extract of urine (alcoholic), 2 grains. Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples. Glycerine, q.s.

Mix—40 pills. Take 1 pill at 8 p.m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility, and especially to youth, sex, and manhood, especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it of us by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 40 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for 50c.

Address or call on

NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
34 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.



Tarrant's Compound Extract
OF CUBEBBS AND COPAIBA.
This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medicinal properties of the Cubeb and Copal. The recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion. Prepared only by TARRANT & CO., LTD.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Health in Wealth.—Dr. A. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed Specific for Hysteria, Convulsions, Pita, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-use or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment \$1.00 or six boxes for \$6.00 sent by mail, postage on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$6.00, we will send the purveyor our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued by West & Co. Orders filled by sole agent, A. J. DITMAN, Chemist, Astor House, Broadway and Barclay St., New York.

Epp's Cocoa.
A GOURMET AND CONFECTIONER.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cacao, Mr. Epp has provided our breakfast tables with a delicate flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies and fevers around the world are cured by Epp's Cocoa. It is weak, but we make no man a fail shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*New Series Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in 1.2 lb. tins, by grocers, including James Kerr & Co., Homopathic Chemists, London, England.

YOUNG MEN The Voltaic Belt Company of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated Electric Voltatic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days. The belt is made of leather, and is of great elasticity and strength, and all kinds of troubles, for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

READ THIS!

A MEDICAL WORK GIVEN AWAY.
Showing sufferers how they may be cured and recover health strength and manly vigor without the aid of medicine. Will be sent free on receipt of stamp to Dr. W. Young, 260 Hudson St., N. Y.

A Positive Cure without medicine. Patented Oct. 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less. ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOTTLES. No nauseous doses of cubeba, copaline or oil of sandalwood that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the health of the stomach. Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box, 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by the use of thousands of cases of the same kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is this faith in my remedy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Penn St., N. Y.

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. I will send you a valuable treatise upon the above disease, also directions for self-cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

SEXUAL POWER Positively and Permanently restored in 2 to 10 days by a delicious Confection. Sealed Pamphlet Free. Address SAN MARCO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis Mo.

Dr. Fuller's Youthful Vigor Pills. For lost manhood, impotence, and nervous debility; \$2, sent by mail. Dr. FULLER, 429 Canal street, N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 20 to 30 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

MEDICAL.

IMPOTENT MEN

Be they Young or Old, having
Lost those attributes of
PERFECT Manhood
MAY REGAIN QUICKLY
PERFECT
SEXUAL POWER !!!
AND
Procreative Ability,

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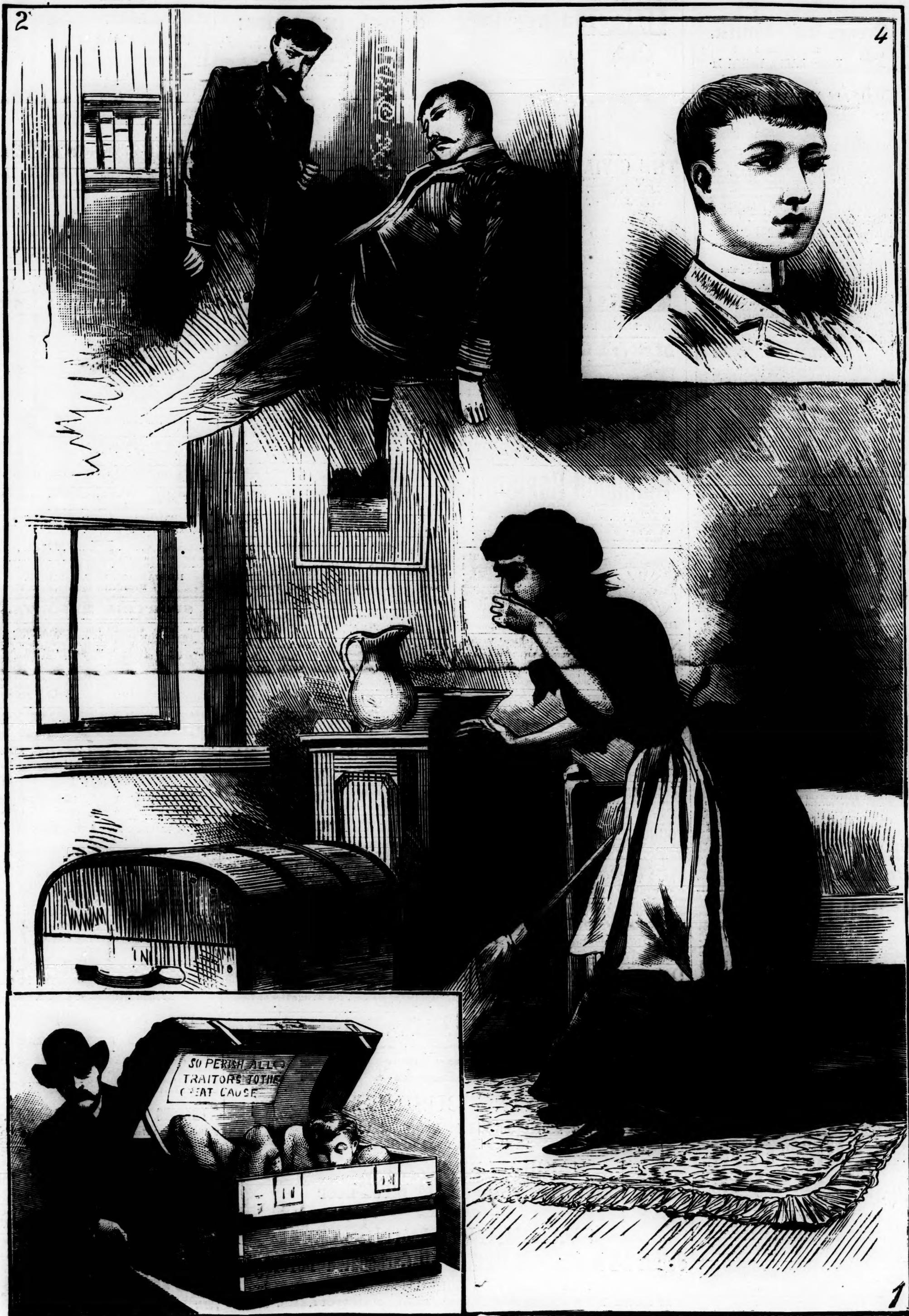
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